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WERNER'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS No. 13

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

FRANCIS P. RICHARDSON

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WERNER'S

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

5-2298

NUMBER THIRTEEN

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

FRANCIS P. RICHARDSON

NEW YORK
EDGAR S. WERNER 108 EAST 16TH ST.
1894

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PREFACE.

THE difficulty of procuring, through the ordinary channels, good humorous and dramatic pieces for recitation which are not already done to death, first led me to make my own selection. In the pursuit of this object, the public platform has been kept steadily in view, and every effort has been made to include selections little known to reciters generally. I have here collected such as I believe to be most effective, hoping that they may prove of service to others.

I take this opportunity of thanking all authors and publishers by whose kindness I have been enabled to include valuable copyright matter.

F. P. R.

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WERNER'S

Readings and Recitations.

No. 13.

A TERRIBLE RACE.

CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

FRIGHTENED? No, that ain't the word, sir—
That don't express it—not near!
I was terrified past all description
Paralyzed, almost, with fear.

I tell you—without any gammon—
'Twas enough to make a chap think
That he'd suddenly lost all his senses,
Or was else very far gone in drink.

No mistake: it was fair right-down awful,
And even just now, as I speak,
I fancy I see that same sight, sir,
As knocked me clean dumb for a week.

But I may as well tell the whole story—
Begin it, I mean, from the first—
As to what that race meant for us three, sir.
The girl, me, and good old Jim Hurst.

I loved old Jim like a father,
  And God knows a father to me
Could ne'er 'ave been kinder than Jim was—
  For I was an orphan, you see.

When Hurst had been just a bit younger,
  He'd been trainer of some of the best
As ever had looked through a bridle;
  But now—he was taking his rest.

He was living, I mean, on his savings—
  Retired-like from business; but yet
Whatever was going in racing
  He'd his eye on it still, you may bet.

Ah, how I remember that morning!
  I'd been tramping all night through the rain—
My weary feet aching and blistered,
  And an agony torturing my brain.

I was nothing more than a tramp, sir—
  A poor little mite of a chap
Who was very nigh frozen and famished:
  I hadn't that day had a scrap.

For an oath or a kick was the answer
  I'd got to each sobbing appeal;
I suppose that because I was ragged
  They thought like enough I could steal.

It comes back like a terrible dream now—
  The drizzle, the cold, piercing blast,
And the shiver of death running through me,
  As I thought every moment my last.

I sank down exhausted—aye, dying—
  They told me that when I came round;
But by that time in two kindly hearts, sir,
  A father and sister I'd found.

As 't happened, 'twas just to Hurst's gateway
  I'd staggered on—simply to die;

And 'twas Hurst's little granddaughter, Alice
  That came with a frightened cry

To the side of the poor, weary outcast
  In time just to save the weak life.
That's the girl as for years was my sister,
  But, God bless her, now she's my wife.

So you see what I owed to them two, sir;
  And if ever they wanted my aid,
Let it cost my life's greatest effort,
  That effort, I swore, would be made.

Well, of course, I was fairly in clover;
  For, as old Jim Hurst hadn't no son,
I came to be what's called adopted—
  And no end of a mighty big gun.

"Yes," said Jim, "you was made for a jockey."
  And this was the very first day
As I got my legs 'cross a real racer;
  And from then, sir, I grew quite *o-fay*.

Years passed, and I'd won some good races;
  Was beginning to get a bit known,
When that happened as—well, just you listen-
  My eye, how the time, though, has flown!

Ay, it's three years ago this November
  Since that morning when dear old Jim Hurst
Came to tell me, poor soul, broken-hearted,
  With the blinding tears ready to burst

From those eyes that were honest as daylight,
  As looked one so straight in the face—
How some blackguards had wrought him his ruin,
  And plunged him in lasting disgrace!

He'd mixed himself up in some swindle
  By lending his name to those hounds,
Who already, it seems, had blackmailed him
  Of a good many thousands of pounds.

"Not a penny," he cried, "of my savings
  Even left for my poor little girl!
I am ruined unless"—then he told me
  What set my young blood in a whirl.

He'd to find yet another five thousand,
  Or to one of the blackguardly crew
Must give his granddaughter in marriage;
  And the beautiful girl, when she knew

The price to be paid for Hurst's honor,
  Said: "Gran'daddie—yes, I will go!"
But to that I had something to say, sir—
  And I shouted: "By heaven, girl—no!

"I love you both far—far too dearly
  To see such a price paid as that;
And, thank God, at last I can repay you
  For shelt'ring a poor dying brat!

"In a fortnight," said I, "from this evening,
  And here—in this very same place—
I will hand you the sum that will save you,
  And keep your good name from disgrace!"

With the thought of that innocent girl there
  Becoming a foul villain's wife,
I knew I should race like a demon,
  As though I just rode for dear life!

And now you know what I meant doing—
  Putting all the few hundreds I had
On my mount for the big Autumn race, sir—
  That mount being Lincolnshire Lad.

And I'll tell you why I was so certain
  As Lincolnshire Lad was a "snip,"
'Cause I knew that for luck there was nothing
  So safe as a dead man's tip.

A week before—when I'd been riding
  That very same horse—the old "Lad!"—

I was beaten a "head" by poor Archer,
  Who soon after that was took bad.

But you'll guess that it left an impression,
  His swooping down just at the last—
As though he had dropped—well, from nowhere,
  When I thought, too, I'd got the race fast.

And his words yet impressed me more strongly;
  When the race was all over, he cried:
"Your mount wins the big Autumn race, Jack!"
  Not many days after, Fred died.

This was how I got filled with the notion
  That by plunging on poor Archer's "tip,"
I could drag dear old Jim and my darling
  From out of that villain's grip.

The race was a bit late of starting.
  'Twas a mis'rable, cold, drizzling day,
And the dusk had come down like a curtain
  E'en before we'd got fairly away.

As the Lad leaped and bounded beneath me,
  Sweeping on past the big, silent crowd,
I felt my nerves quiv'ring a moment—
  I heard my heart beating aloud.

But I pulled myself quickly together,
  And clenched my teeth firm to my task;
Then, bending my head, muttered, "Laddie,
  Do your best; that is all as I ask!"

Just as happens in most o' such races,
  There was only one horse as I feared—
A light-weighted north-country youngster.
  He was fav'rite, and as he was cheered

When he proudly strode out from the paddock,
  I'd said to myself: "Wait, my friend,
And look out for Lincolnshire Lad here
  At the moment we're rounding the bend."

Well, when we had gone half the distance,
  And the pace had begun to get hot,
I could see that except for the youngster,
  Blue Bonnet, we'd settled the lot.

And now came the struggle for vict'ry;
  The going was fearfully bad;
I knew that Blue Bonnet was tiring,
  But so was old Lincolnshire Lad.

"Blue Bonnet!" the crowd roared like thunder,
  But passing quite close, 'bove the din,
I could hear the clear voice of my girl there
  Crying: "Jack, it's all right, you *must* win!"

And I'll swear the horse heard her too, sir,
  For, without either spur or the whip,
He swept to the side of the youngster—
  Ay, was giving Blue Bonnet the slip!

"God!" I shouted, for through the thick vapor
  That hung o'er the course like a pall,
Shot a strange-looking horse and his jockey;
  As for colors—I saw none at all.

But as we raced on, locked together,
  I glanced for one second's space,
Just to see who was riding that stranger—
  What I saw was poor *Fred Archer's face!*

You'll say it was all superstition,
  The work of an overwrought brain,
But there was the great horseman riding
  As I'd seen him again and again!

Well, call it a bit of mad fancy,
  But to me those pale lips seemed to say:
"Keep heart! never fear! and I'll show you
  How this race must be ridden to-day."

And still the crowd cry for "Blue Bonnet!"
  There—there he is still well ahead!

All at once a strange power seems to fill me,
  That tells me there's nothing to dread.

With a rush *he* alone could have taught me,
  He alone, boys—our pride and our boast—
We flew like a flash past Blue Bonnet,
  And won the great race—"on the post!"

FATE.

SUSAN SPAULDING.

[NOTE.—This beautiful poem is spoken by Miss Selena Fetter in the first act of "Friends," a four-act comedy, by E. M. Royle.]

TWO shall be born the whole wide world apart,
  And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed.
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every art
And bend each wandering step to this one end:
That one day, out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meeting in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand, acknowledged, face to face.
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all the weary ways,
And die unsatisfied; and this is Fate.

THE TRUE STORY OF YOUNG LOCHINVAR IN BLANK VERSE.

J. J. FAY.

OH! young Lochinvar has come out of the West,
Thro' all the East Side his horse has no equal,
Having cost him nine dollars and a half at the "Bull's Head,"
Where good nags, fresh from the Eighth Avenue car-stables,
Who halt at the sound of a bell, and with burrs still in their tails, are selling
Like hot cakes, and for a mere song; and, save his good broadsword,
He weapon had none, except a seven-shooter
Or two, a pair of brass knuckle-dusters,
And a toothpick, so, comparatively speaking,
He rode all unarmed; and he rode all alone,
Because there was no one going his way.
He stayed not for brake and he stopped not for
Car-fares; he swam the East River, as the ferryboat
Had stopped running, and thereby saved three cents
In ferriage, but lost his pocketbook, containing
A letter of introduction to John Y. M'Kane.
Ere he arrived at the Gravesend town hall
He stopped to borrow a dry suit of clothes,
And this delayed him considerably, so when
He arrived they arrested him for having the nerve to go down there for a bride,
And the bride, hearing of his arrest, called on the chief and had him released.
The bride, who was tired of waiting, had consented—the gallant
Came late—for a laggard in love and a dastard in an election case
Was to wed the fair Ellen, the pride of Gravesend.

So boldly he entered the bride's happy home
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and
Brothers-in-law and forty or fifty cousins.
Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom never opened his mouth—
Except to put something in it),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied; but let
That pass, while I tell you, old fellow, that love
Is not what it's cracked up to be. It
Swells like the Hudson, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of Moxie.
There are maidens in Harlem more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to yours truly."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the nerve-food, and threw down the mug,
Smashing it into a million pieces.
She looked down to blush, but she looked up again,
For she well understood the wink in his eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could
Interfere. "Now tread we a measure;
Partners for the first set, Miss Ellen,
May I have the pleasure? Thank you.
Two more couples wanted here. Allow me to
Introduce you to a partner—oh, yes, but you must—
Ah, I knew you wouldn't mind.
Mr. W. Longfellow Graehme—Miss Gertie Greene.
One more couple, please. All made up? Thank you.
All ready. Now! Top and bottom couples
Half right and left; back to places,
Set to partners; Ladies' Chain—swing!"
Said young Lochinvar.

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear.
When they reached the hall door, and the charger

Stood near on three legs, hitched onto a lamp-post;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So swift to the saddle before her he sprung.
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur,
They'll have swift steeds that follow—" but in the
Excitement of the moment he had forgotten
To untie the horse, and the poor brute could
Only gallop in a little circle round and round
And round the lamp-post. So Ellen's old man collared
The youth, and gave him the most awful walloping
That ever was heard of on Coney Island.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

TOLD IN THE STALLS.

J. H. TUCKER.

IT was years ago. We were busy
Rehearsing a panto, then;
And on this particular morning
The ballet was called for ten.

It was only a week to Christmas,
And the day was as hot as fire,
But the poor girls stuck to their dancing
As if they would never tire.

Marching, wheeling and halting,
Tripping and skipping along,
Now being praised for a right step,
Now being blamed for a wrong;

They were getting it down quite nicely,
When somebody whispered low,
And told me to look at a woman
Way back in the second row.

I had barely turned my eyes round
  To see who the girl could be,
When a thud on the stage convinced me
  There was something indeed to see.

At a glance it was quite apparent
  Too late was all earthly aid—
The heat of the work had done it,
  And her final part was played.

Poor thing! She had worked her life out
  For a dance girl's paltry wage,
And now, with her face to the borders,
  She lay a corpse on the stage.

A letter was found in her pocket
  From him—well, you know the rest;
There wasn't a ring on her finger
  But a babe at home in its nest.

A pretty wee mite it was, too;
  What became of it? Bless your heart!
I brought her up as my daughter;
  That's her in the leading part.

THE CURSE FROM "CLAUDIAN."

AS PLAYED BY WILSON BARRETT.

BE young (1)—forever—through the centuries. See generations born (2) and age and die; and all who flattered (3), served, or loved thee—dust. But thou (4) live on. (5) Thy course, like baneful star (6) across the sky, shall blight (7) and wither all upon thy track. To love thee (8), or to be loved by thee (9) alike shall poison, maim, and kill. The innocent sunshine (10) shall die out before thee, and the black shadow (11) of misfortune follow. Thy soul shall hunger (12), thirst, and famish to do good, and try in vain to do it. Thy happiness,

as pure (13) as crystal well, touched by thy lips, shall muddy at its source. Thy pity (14) shall envenom what 'twould soothe; be poison (15) to the wound, till thou couldst pray (16) for death, and pray for it in vain (17). Thy charity (18), which might have comforted one-half the kingdom's poor, breed pestilence and ruin. But thou (19), live on in thy never-failing youth, until the vaulted rocks shall split and fall and mass themselves before the barriers of granite; until a gulf (20) be struck between thee and me. Then thou (21) shalt choose either to die or to live, accursed till doom. From dying lips (22) this curse from God has fallen!

---

(1) Raise right hand, palm up, half front, emphasize gesture at "forever," and drop.

(2) Extend both hands, palm up, about level of breast; at "age," emphasize gesture; at "die," drop.

(3) Extend right hand, palm up; at "served" emphasize; at "loved," bring hand back to breast; at "dust," direct arm downward, pointing to the ground, but do not drop.

(4) Bring hand upward, with a turn, to level of breast, knuckles up and index finger alone pointing.

(5) Turn hand, palm up, and emphasize.

(6) Raise hand, palm inward, index finger alone pointing to the sky.

(7) Lean forward on right foot, bring hand down, palm rather outward; at "wither," emphasize gesture, and then drop, resuming first position.

(8) Both hands, palms up, extended.

(9) Bring both hands to breast; keep left hand there; extend right, palm down, at "poison;" at "maim," raise hand slightly, at the same time closing it; at "kill," drop both hands.

(10) Open right hand extended upward, eyes in same direction; at "die" bring closed hand back close to head and look straight forward.

(11) Lower hand, palm down, move it toward right, and drop.

(12) Bring right hand up to breast, gradually closing it tightly; at "in vain" extend hand, palm up, then drop.

(13) Extend both hands, palms up, about level with breast.

(14) Right hand index finger brought up toward breast; at "envenom" extend hand out, palm down, and drop at "soothe."

(15) Bring right foot behind left, extend both hands, palms up, then drop left arm.

(16) Clasp both hands on breast and look upward.

(17) Drop clasped hands forward, and let head sink on breast.

(18) Extend both arms, palm up; at "comforted" bring back to breast and clasp hands; at "pestilence" extend both hands outward and downward, palm down; then drop.

(19) Extend open right hand; at "live on" emphasize gesture; at

"vaulted" turn hand upward; at "split" give an upward cut with hand; at "fall" bring hand down to level of waist; at "mass" bring up left hand to same level, and emphasize with both hands; at "granite," drop.

(20) Sweep with right hand out horizontally in front toward right; turn hand, and point with index finger at "thee;" at "me" bring back to breast.

(21) Right index finger pointing; at "die" turn hand, palm up, and emphasize; at "live," raise right hand about level of head; at "accursed" bring back closed hand toward head, turn away head and half close eyes; at "doom" drop hand, and direct eyes forward.

(22) Place open left hand on breast, raise eyes and open right hand upward; when uttering "God" close eyes, bend head downward and slightly toward left; drop arm at "fallen."

FAWCETT'S FAME.

CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

PHIL FAWCETT had written a drama
  Full of pathos and passion and fire;
His whole soul was wrapped in its rend'ring,
  His young heart was big with desire
That his play might be talked of by all men,
  That his name might be bandied about
On the tongue of the world as a marvel,
  As the latest great dramatist out.
He sat through the long, dreary night-time
  And rounded his characters off,
Making his comic man "screaming,"
  And his villain to swagger and scoff;
He made his love maiden to simper,
  His "first old man" stammer and swear,
And heave out great oaths by the dozen,
  And drag out big bunches of hair.
The villain, of course, was a gallant
  Of excellent breeding and parts,
With the haziest notions of honor,
  And versed in the breaking of hearts.
He lived in a big place called London,

And dined at his club every night,
In a quarter they call Piccadilly.
'Twas oft this young fellow's delight
To take a run down to the country
To join in the national sport,
With his friend who was "Master of fox-hounds,"
And dwelt in a house called "The Court."
Sick to death of the silk and the satin
And the powder and paint of town belles,
He passes some spare hours with Molly,
The game-keeper's daughter.

He tells—
(In that dangerous drawl of such dandies)
He tells her her fresh village face
Would make all the beauties of Bond Street
Hide their proud, stuck-up heads in disgrace.
In the end the poor maiden was conquered;
When he left her—ah, me, how she wept!
But he promised to come back and wed her,
A promise that—never was kept.
But vengeance at last tracked this villain—
And 'tis here comes the power of the play,—
Then the end—so pathetic and dreadful!
When 'twas finished poor Phil quite gave way.
The work and the strain—the excitement
Seemed to shake his weak frame through and through,
And for weeks he lay almost unconscious,
Fondly guarded by those loving two—
The sad, widowed mother and Evelyn,
Sweet Evelyn, who sat day by day,
Never leaving the side of her lover,
Never ceasing to hope and to pray.
And at length the girl's care was rewarded,
The loved voice came back that she sought,
And the first words he said as he kissed her
Were to ask that his play might be brought.

Then his eyes flashed again with excitement—
  Became brightened and glowing with light,
And a strange, sudden strength seemed to hold him,
  He was well, he said—strong for the fight.

Weeks passed—weary weeks of long waiting,
  Of hope and suspense and pain—
Aye, the fight had begun in real earnest,
  And repulse came again and again.
No, they never would grant him a hearing—
  It was always the same old reply,
The cynical, mocking derision,
  The evasive and cowardly lie.

Pure merit with them stood for nothing,
  They must have a "name," so they said,
And a play by an unknown youngster
  Was a thing both of horror and dread.
But for one hundred pounds—as they told him—
  He could bring the "thing" out for himself;
"As it seemed just the sort of play wanted,
  'Twas a shame it should lie on the shelf."

Home—home again, weary and sickened,
  With a shuddering pain at his breast,
All hope now seemed shattered within him,
  And the stricken lad crept up to rest.
He had thought it was best he should spare her—
  That sad, anxious mother he knew
Would have wept that she could not have helped
    him;
  And he slept, whilst those same loving two—
Ever watchful—stole noiselessly to him,
  Bent tenderly down o'er his form,
And watched his lips move in the anguish
  Of some terribly silent storm.
Sweet Evelyn, alone there a moment,
  From the lips of her lover hears
Low murmuring whispers of sorrow

That told of his hopes and his fears—
That told the lad's whole sad story,
Of his fruitless effort—the price
They said he must pay for his "hearing,"
And again, and again—aye, thrice
He muttered the sum that they wanted,
"A hundred pounds—grant it!" he cried;
With his fevered hands flung out to clutch it
He awoke.
She had gone from his side.
Yes; the girl in her quick, loving instinct
Had understood all, and thanked Heaven
'Twas hers to be able to help him—
How gladly the sum would be given!
The sum her dead father had left her,
That she fondly had saved for the day
When Philip and she should get married.
Thus a fairy had come in his way.
And that night when the strange note was opened,
With only these words, "*From a Friend*,"
A new hope sprung up in that household,
And a joy they thought never would end.

The theatre was crowded with people,
For the rumor had somehow got round
That the author "was only a youngster;"
And the critics in wisdom profound,
With a smile of disdain on their faces,
Broken now and again by a yawn,
Said these "matinee shows" were a nuisance.
Now the big crimson curtain is drawn;
The orchestra ceases its playing,
And the drama begins—
Where is Phil?
Ah, there—at the back—in that corner,
And the mother and Evelyn. How still
Are the audience listening,
As the scenes one by one now unfold!
Too still, the lad thinks—too indifferent,

And he shivers, as though in the cold.
The act ends—but with never a signal—
Not the slightest sign of applause,
And the grim-faced critics seem chattering
Of its many and palpable flaws.
And the second act—still no different,
The chill silence reigns there the same,
And the boy's pallid cheek flushes scarlet,
And the fever burns on it like flame.
Those two by his side dare no utterance,
Nay, dare not to glance at his face,
But can only gaze round them with wonder
At the stillness that stifles the place.
Stillness? Ah! well, when the last act
Is only but half-way through,
A cheer broke forth from those crowded seats,
And the wonderment grew and grew.
Never a boy's play this! Such power—
Such grasp the work of a youth!
And they cried for the author long and loud,
Impatient to hear the truth.
Then the mother and girl, with beating hearts,
Look round for the lad they love,
While even the critics join that cheer
Ringing down from the seats above.
But the lad is no longer by their side—
With his blood and his heart on fire,
He has gone to answer the people's cry:
He had won it—his soul's desire.
"Success!" It pealed through the very walls,
All the world should know of it soon!
The thought put lightning speed to his steps—
He has fallen at the wings in a swoon.

And while he slept that unconscious sleep
They wondered he never came;
But their shouts could never reach him now
In that land of eternal fame.

"I KNOW A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE."

FRANCIS W. MOORE.

DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE FOR A MAN.

YOU'RE an impertinent fellow! I say, you're an insolent and impertinent fellow! [*Enters hastily.*] Upon my word, the coolness of these cabmen is positively refreshing! Actually turns up his nose at a shilling for a couple of hundred yards! Says, "It's sich a bloomin' wet night, a gent as calls hisself a gent 'd spring the hextra tanner!" Wet night! Why, of course it's a wet night! What should I want with a cab if it wasn't a wet night? Doesn't the fellow see it's the foul weather brings him his fare? By the way, I wonder if he [*goes to window*]—No! there he is, still, haranguing the populace from his elevated perch! Pouring out his wrongs to an infuriated mob—two boys and the crossing-sweeper—sort of cab-inet edition of Mark Antony! I won't have it! [*Throws up window, and calls into the street.*] "Hullo, you, sir! Be off, d'ye hear! Be off, I say! What's that? 'Do I call myself a gentleman?' Yes, I do! And if it were only light enough, I'd take your number and convince you of the fact." [*Slams window and comes down front.*] Hansom cabman, indeed! He's an ugly rascal. Hark! At last he rumbles, grumbling, away, and I'm free to explode at leisure. [*Taking off gloves.*] I'm in a towering passion. I don't look it? That's my seraphic temperament, but I am. Hearken, ye household gods of this "First Floor Furnished for a Single Gentleman!" If ever I address another syllable to any woman living, may I—— stop! that rash vow would embrace my landlady, Mrs. Wigsby (under which circumstances, by the way, it would be a very rash vow!)—and a bachelor, of all beings, should not quarrel with the only other being who has him helpless at her mercy in the matter of cold meat. We'll fix a limit of age. Now, what shall we give Mrs. Wigsby? Hm! Let us see.

She owns to thirty-nine; she looks, say, fifty-five; average, there you have her age—forty-seven! If ever I address a syllable to the possessor of a petticoat under forty-seven years of age—I allude to the possessor, not the petticoat—may I [*crushes opera hat with fist*]—well, never mind! I won't, that's all!

And when I reflect—I never do, by the way, but if I did [*takes off muffler*]—when I reflect that I have worshipped that woman for weeks! [*Takes off overcoat.*] We met—'twas in a crowd, a "Small-and-Early," in Portland Place; rooms jammed to suffocation point. I bore my bewitching Barbara through thirteen mazy waltzes—and Barbara is not a light weight. Oh, how my arm ached! for though our two hearts beat as one, our two steps did not go together. Six times did we go down to supper; couldn't even squeeze in at the door. But what of that? Were we not together, close together? Sardines were nothing to it. [*Changes dress coat for smoking-jacket.*] At 1 A.M. I escorted her fondly to the family barouche, her soft hand pressed in mine—six into eight, once, and two over—get out! "Might I call?" [*Whispers.*] "I—might." I did. I called very loud—I mean, very often; and soon I was over head and ears, and steeped in amorous rapture to the roots of my hair. The rapture seems to have interfered with the roots—but that's neither here nor there. [*Lights a cigar.*] A rumor reached me that her stately mamma was about to give a solemn dance. Now, I detest Lady Bowler—the lack of appreciation is mutual, by the way—but on this occasion I descended to the oleaginous extreme of flattery to secure an invitation. I got it, Lady Bowler genially remarking that "nowadays there seem to be no presentable young men!"—such a pleasing way of putting it! By the bye, where *did* I put it? [*Hunting among papers.*] "Debtor to J. Jones, tailor and——" No, that's not it. Ha, here we are! [*Reads.*] "Sir Bucephalus and Lady Browne-Bowler request the pleasure"—and so forth—"R. S. V. P;" in an envelope reeking with Frangipanni. I hung on thorns until the happy evening arrived—this evening. Nothing but annoyance from begin-

ning to end. Mrs. Wigsby "'Adn't r'ally understood as I *were* a-comin' 'ome to dinner"—had to wait for a half-raw cutlet; button off the back of my shirt, of course; Mrs. Wigsby on a fauteuil replacing it, and breathing balmy breezes from the Spanish Coast—the Spanish Onion Coast; a stitch *not* in time—a slip!—nothing could save her!—sixteen stone of female loveliness around my neck and a needle through my ear, there! Split three consecutive left gloves; three flying visits of Mary Ann to the haberdasher's; three right gloves left on my hands. However, I did arrive at last. I bent before my beloved Barbara, but my reception was cool—oh, distinctly cool! She had "thought I was not coming. Oh, no apology was necessary, of course! Doubtless I had been more agreeably entertained elsewhere. Oh, yes! I might have a dance, if there was one left. Only No. 13? Certainly, I might have that, if I pleased,"—and away she whirled, leaving me a miserable object. I had no heart to seek another's smile. I felt as limp as a sentimental flounder. I fell in with another idiot—I mean, I encountered another man of equally hilarious deportment. We hung about the door-posts like a couple of mutes; twin Crusoes in a desert of crinoline. In our sorrow we yearned for sympathy. He had "got his eye upon a gal, you know, with a little money." So had I. He had "turned up doosid late, don't y' know." So had I. "Got awfully sat upon!" So had I. "Only got one dance with her." So had I. "Should stop for that and then cut it." So should I. "Good idea! We'd go together—not be long—his dance was No. 13." So was mine. "His partner was Miss Bowler." So was mine. "And here was his card, sir!" And, damme! There was mine! Where did I put it? [*Produces card, and reads.*] "Captain Adolphus Percival Perronet Poppleton." No. 13 arrived. We strode up from opposite corners, glaring like a couple of Kilkenny cats. The minx was "So sorry! quite a mistake—pledged to Captain Poppleton"—and off they pranced together! I think I swore. On reflection I am disposed to be confident on the point. I have a distinct recollection of a grim chaperone in a wig bouncing away from me

like a startled fawn. I burst out of the room like a bomb-shell, stormed at the servants till they found my coat and a cab, and—here I am! [*Flings card in fire.*] And if I haven't as fair cause to rail at the sex as ever Menelaus had, I'm a double Dutchman! She's a cockatrice! A shameless, soulless, simpering cockatrice! I am not altogether clear, by the way, as to the exact nature of a cockatrice; but I have no doubt there is a general resemblance, and it's a classical allusion, and a great relief to one's feelings. I've done with her; she may dance with a dervish, if she likes. Poppleton is welcome to what she calls "her heart," and I wish him joy of his bargain—and his mother-in-law! Why, the girl actually tossed her programme to me as she took his arm. A souvenir, I suppose; something to wear next my heart, like a porous plaster! Not if I know it! I'll—I'll make a pipe-light of it! Where did I—this looks like it. There! "No. 13. Waltz. 'Haddon Hall.' R. B." That's me. Yes, and here's a scrawl—sort of debilitated Daddy Longlegs—no doubt that's Lollipop—illiterate beast! And here's—why, what's this? Barbara's writing, I'll swear! [*Reads.*] "Dearest Dick,"—that's me! "Mamma would make me give your dance to that pudgy little monster"—that's Poppleton—"but if you'll be a dear, darling, patient Dicky-bird"—what a poetic soul she has!—"I'll put off a pair of country cousins, and save you 16 and 17 instead. Yours, Barbara." Two dances! She's a divinity—a celestial seraph in sky-blue satin! Let me see. They were dancing No. 13 when I bolted—four dances to the hour [*looking at watch*]——Mother of Moses! I haven't a moment to lose! Where's my coat? [*Throws aside jacket and hurries on dress coat.*] Confound this cigar! I shall smell like a tap-room. No matter; Barbara says she "rather likes the smell of *my* cigars." [*Puts on overcoat and muffler hastily.*] Barbara's an angel—and I wish I had wings—not that it's exactly the evening for an open fly. [*Hastens to window.*] Coming down in buckets, still, and not even a "growler" in sight! A cab! a cab! my kingdom for a——Hark! What's that? wheel, or woe? "Woa!" It is! [*Throws up window.*] Huzza! a

hansom! [*Calls.*] Hi, Cabby! No. 47—no, no—47—that's it—I'm coming down. Drive to Lady Browne-Bowler's, and [*putting on gloves*]—Eh? What's that? "'Ad quite enough o' my little games afore, to-night?"—Why, it's the same fellow!—and he's driving off! [*Calls.*] Here! Hi! Stop! I'll give you two shillings—five shillings—ten shillings! [*Aside.*] That's got him! [*Calls.*] "Mean it?" Of course I mean it. [*Closes window and comes down hastily.*] Ten shillings! What are ten shillings? Twenty sixpences! Forty threepenny bits! One hundred and twenty vulgar copper pieces for two pirouettes in Paradise! [*Claps on hat, and rushes out.*]

HOMEWARD BOUND.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

I HAVE seen a fiercer tempest,
  Known a louder whirlwind blow;
I was wrecked off red Algiers,
  Six-and-thirty years ago.
Young I was, and yet old seamen
  Were not strong or calm as I;
While life held such treasures for me,
  I felt sure I could not die.

Life I struggled for, and saved it;
  Life alone and nothing more;
Bruised, half-dead, alone and helpless
  I was cast upon the shore.
I feared the pitiless rocks of ocean;
  So the great sea rose, and then
Cast me from her friendly bosom,
  On the pitiless hearts of men.

Gaunt and dreary ran the mountains,
  With black gorges, up the land;

Up to where the lonely desert
  Spreads her burning, dreary sand;
In the gorges of the mountains,
  On the plain beside the sea,
Dwelt my stern and cruel masters,
  The black Moors of Barbary.

Ten long years I toiled among them,
  Hopeless—as I used to say;
Now I know hope burned with me
  Fiercer, stronger, day by day;
Those dim years of toil and sorrow
  Like one long, dark dream appear;
One long day of dreary waiting—
  Then each day was like a year.

How I cursed the land—my prison;
  How I cursed the serpent sea,
And the Demon Fate that showered
  All her curses upon me.
I was mad, I think—God pardon
  Words so terrible and wild.
This voyage would have been my last one
  For I left a wife and child.

Then I gazed at the great ocean,
  Till she grew a friend again;
And because she knew Old England,
  I forgave her all my pain;
So the blue still sky above me,
  With its white clouds, fleecy fold,
And the glimmering stars, though brighter,
  Looked like home and days of old.

And a calm would fall upon me,
  Worn perhaps with work and pain,
The wild, hungry longing left me,
  And I was myself again;
Looking at the silver waters,

Looking up at the far sky,
Dreams of home and all I left there
Floated sorrowfully by.

A fair face, but pale with sorrow,
With blue eyes, brimful of tears,
And the little red mouth, quivering
With a smile to hide its fears;
Holding out her baby toward me,
From the sky she looked on me;
So it was that last I saw her,
As the ship put out to sea.

Sometimes (and a pang would seize me
That the years were floating on)
I would strive to paint her, altered,
And the little baby gone;
She no longer young and girlish,
The child standing by her knee,
And her face more pale and saddened
With the weariness for me.

Then I saw, as night grew darker,
How she taught my child to pray,
Holding its small hands together,
For its father, far away;
And I felt her sorrow weighing
Heavier on me than my own,
Pitying her blighted springtime,
And her joy so early flown.

Till upon my hands (now hardened
With the rough, harsh toil of years)
Bitter drops of anguish falling,
Woke me from my dream, to tears;
Woke me as a slave, an outcast;
Leagues from home, across the deep;
So—though you may call it childish—
So I sobbed myself to sleep.

Well, the years sped on; my sorrow,
  Calmer and yet stronger grown,
Was my shield against all suffering,
  Poorer, meaner, than her own.
Thus my cruel masters' harshness
  Fell upon me all in vain;
Yet the tale of what we suffered
  Echoed back from main to main.

You have heard in a far country
  Of a self-devoted band,
Vowed to rescue Christian captives
  Pining in a foreign land.
And these gentle-hearted strangers
  Year by year go forth from Rome,
In their hands the hard-earned ransom,
  To restore some exiles home.

I was freed! They broke the tidings
  Gently to me; but, indeed,
Hour by hour sped on, I knew not
  What the words meant—I was freed!
Better so, perhaps; while sorrow
  (More akin to earthly things)
Only strains the sad heart's fibres,
  Joy, bright stranger, breaks the strings.

Yet at last it rushed upon me,
  And my heart beat full and fast;
What were now my years of waiting,
  What was all the dreary past?
Nothing—to the eternal hours
  Still between my home and me!

How the voyage passed, I know not;
  Strange it was once more to stand
With my countrymen around me,
  And to clasp an English hand.
But, through all, my heart was dreaming

Of the first words I should hear,
In the gentle voice that echoed
Fresh as ever on my ear.

Should I see her start of wonder,
And the sudden truth arise,
Flushing all her face and lighting
The dim splendor of her eyes?
Oh! to watch the fear and doubting
Stir the silent depths of pain,
And the rush of joy—then melting
Into perfect peace again.

And the child!—but why remember
Foolish fancies that I thought?
Every tree and every hedge-row
From the well-known past I brought;
I would picture my dear cottage,
See the crackling wood-fire burn,
And the two beside it seated,
Watching, waiting my return.

So, at last, we reached the harbor,
I remember nothing more
Till I stood, my sick heart throbbing,
With my hand upon the door.
There I paused—I heard her speaking;
Low, soft, murmuring words she said;
Then I first knew the dumb terror
I had had lest she were dead.

It was evening in late autumn,
And the gusty wind blew chill;
Autumn leaves were falling round me,
And the red sun lit the hill.
Six-and-twenty years are vanished
Since then; I am old and gray,
But I never told to mortal
What I saw, until this day.

She was seated by the fire,
  In her arms she held a child,
Whispering baby-words caressing,
  And then, looking up, she smiled;
Smiled on him who stood beside her—
  Oh! the bitter truth was told
In her look of trusting fondness—
  I had seen the look of old!

But she rose and turned toward me
  (Cold and dumb I waited there)
With a shriek of fear and terror,
  And a white face of despair.
He had been an ancient comrade—
  Not a single word we said,
While we gazed upon each other,
  He the living, I the dead.

I drew nearer, nearer to her,
  And I took her trembling hand,
Looking on her white face, looking
  That her heart might understand
All the love and all the pity
  That my lips refused to say,—
I thank God no thought save sorrow
  Rose in our crushed hearts that day.

Bitter tears that desolate moment,
  Bitter, bitter tears we wept,
We three broken hearts together,
  While the baby smiled and slept.
Tears alone—no words were spoken
  Till he—till her husband said
That my boy (I had forgotten
  The poor child) that he was dead.

Then at last I rose and turning,
  Wrung his hand, but made no sign,
And I stooped and kissed her forehead

Once more, as if she were mine.
Nothing of farewell I uttered,
Save in broken words to pray
That God would ever guard and bless her,—
Then in silence passed away.

Over the great restless ocean
Six-and-twenty years I roam;
All my comrades, old and weary,
Have gone back to die at home.
Home? yes, I shall reach a haven,
I, too, shall reach home and rest;
I shall find her waiting for me
With our baby on her breast.

HOW WE BEAT THE CAPTAIN'S COLT.

CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

HOW did we beat the Captain's colt?
So that's what you want to hear?
Sit down on the corn-bin yonder,
Well, yes, it *was* rather queer.
Don't open your mouth quite so wide, lad,
And your eyes—ain't they staring? That's all—
It ain't quite so awful as that, lad.
Yes, that's the mare—there in that stall.
"Lily Lass," that's the name as we give her,
Lor', didn't she lead 'em a dance!
Eh? talk about beating the records—
Why, steam-engines hadn't a chance
With 'er! She flew off like a rocket,
She tore round the corner like mad,
And breasting the hill like a lion—
She—eh? it's the story you want? Well, my lad,
It's a rambling, round-about story,
But I'll take a short cut, do you see?

Do a sort of cross-country gallop,
  And "run in" as straight as can be.
I was more of a friend than a servant
  To the Doddington lot, don't you see?
And when the old master got ruined—
  Stone broke, on the Paris *Gran' Pree*—
Well, of course, why I knew all about it,
  How the old chap was clean "up a stump;"
How the "place must have gone to the "vultures;"
  How, in fact, the whole game was "up."
Ah, my lad! it was one of them cases
  Where the honest men always lose,
When in doing a fair and square action
  Yer runs yer neck into a noose.
Don't think I'm adwisin' you wrong, lad;
  In the race o' life keep a straight seat!
If you wins, then—why so much the better:
  But if you gets beat—you gets beat!

Lady Nancy—old Doddington's daughter—
  With her sweet little face white and set,
Came down to the stables one mornin'—
  Ah! Tom, I remember it yet.
She told me the master was ruined,
  He owed what he never could pay
To a cruel, relentless scoundrel,
  Captain Jack—and there was but one way
To save her old father from ruin;
  And that was to give her young life
To the man who of all men she hated,—
  To consent to be Captain Jack's wife.
"Captain Jack!" I exclaimed in my fury,
  "Captain Jack, a cute cuss he may be—
But before he lays hands upon you, miss,
  He must talk to the mare here—and me!"
Tom, speak of the devil, they tell us,
  And the devil is sure to appear;
Hearing footsteps, I looked quick behind me,

"Ha, ha! Captain Jack, so you're here."
"I'm here," he replied, "and that lady—
This stable's no fit place for her."
"It's fitter by far than near you, sir,
Captain Jack, you're a scoundrel—a cur!
You've ruined the father by trickery,
You think now you'll marry his child;
You think that she'll barter her beauty——"
He raised his whip, livid and wild,
He struck at my head—aye, and missed me,
But just caught the mare on the flanks;
She kicked out her heels—and the Captain
Fell stunned; and the mare got my thanks.
"We've licked you between us, brave Captain,
And what's more—we'll lick you again!
I've backed her to win twenty thousand
Against your bay colt, Drury Lane.
Once more, Captain Jack, let me tell you,
The mare, Lily Lass, here, and me
Mean to win the big race in a canter,
Set our master and young missus free."

I shall never forget that morning—
That day of the——Ah! what a race!
As I sat in the long line of starters,
With the bright, blinding sun in my face,
I could feel the mare quiver beneath me
As we waited the signal to go,
And when the flag fell—she flew forward
Like an arrow shot out of a bow.
But still I kept cool and determined,
As I thought of the work I'd to do;
My eyes sought the Captain's colt first;
He was there, and his jock all in blue
Seemed to smile as he caught my quick glances.
Shooting past me, he shouted, "Good-bye!"
Ah! it lent me the power of a fury.
"Lily Lass, did you hear that?" said I.

Then the mare gave a plunge and leapt onward—
  Could I keep her in? No, lad, no!
Hold *her* in?—it was past power o' men, Tom;
  She would go—yes, by Jove! she would go!
And there I sat still as a statue,
  As she raced through the flying crowd;
Well in front ran the Captain's fav'rite;
  All about us the shouts ran loud:
"The Cap'n! the Cap'n wins easy,
  Drury Lane, Drury Lane will win!"
As we swept round the bend at the bushes
  For a moment we got "shut in."
I felt a cold shiver run through me,
  I thought that the race must be lost;
But I wronged the good mare, Tom, I wronged her.
  In a second her proud head was tossed
High and free; and then close and tight hugging
  The rails, we drew clear of the rest;
And then, in the draw of a breath, lad,
  The mare and the colt tore on—abreast.
Through mist I could see the grand stand, lad,
  And the motionless, mute mass o' white—
That great surging ocean of faces—
  And there by my side, like a sprite,
Hung the Captain's colt, still—still level,
  Still level with me and the mare.
Ah! it couldn't last very much longer—
  Then thundering a-top o' the air
Comes the shout, "Blue, blue wins! no, no, scarlet!
  "Blue! dead heat! Blue, blue! scarlet! dead heat!"
My head growing dizzy with terror,
  I raised myself high in my seat,
Shook the reins in a last frantic frenzy,
  Raised the whip with my last mad strength.
For the moment the gods gave us wings—ah!
  And we landed the race by a length!

FRANCESCO'S ANGEL.

FLORENCE MAY ALT.

LIKE birds that wing
Across dark forests when they sing,
The days flew in Carrara, I
Was but a quarry slave, they say—
I'd be a quarry slave to-day,
If but Bianca might be by!
Our love folds like a purple haze
Around those old Italian days.

Often, when noon is high, I think
I hear the busy hammers clink
Upon that snow-white rock that seems
A shapeless mass to you; and yet
Each vision of the sculptor's dreams
Within that jealous stone is set.

I was a sculptor too; my hand
And eye were quick to understand
The beauty in the marble locked.
When on the yielding stone I knocked,
White-statued figures answered me,—
But I was slave to poverty.

We peasants were a merry lot—
If life were hard, we knew it not.
Toil melted busy hours like snow.
Clink, clink, the happy hammers go—
I hear them yet. And when the night
Had set our violet skies alight,
The twanging of the mandolin
Wove our light feet its strains within,
Who tript across its tinkling bars,
And danced beneath the dancing stars
That bent to hear the melody.

Bianca always danced with me,
As light as wind-blown leaves, until
The English signor came, to spill
The rich wine of my life, and tear
Away the rose I longed to wear.

This Englishman was hard and cold
As other men whose God is gold.
The workmen feared him from the first;
And as for me, the very worst
And hardest labor he could find
In all the quarry, to his mind,
Belonged to me. 'Twas hard to bear,
For I had worked with love and care

At such fine tasks as needed skill.
I held myself as something more
Than common peasant; and until
This overseer came, I bore
My share of praise. He always spurred
With muttered curse or bitter word.

I told Bianca all; a change
Was on her, she was cold and strange.
This English signor was to prove
That as he hated he could love.
He hated me; but day by day
I saw him win her love away.
And then that maddened taint that creeps
Thro' all my kinsmen's blood that sleeps
For generations—then awakes
And of a man a maniac makes—
Awoke in me!

Our quarry cuts
Deep in a marble hill that stood
Ridged over with a dark green wood
And tangled roads besmeared with ruts.
Deep in this tunnelled passage hung
A mighty mass of rock, that swung

Dark overhead. At night I crawled
Along the passage marble-walled,
And loosened all the rock! beneath
I placed a slender prop 'twas death
To move—thus death to him I called!

Then, coward! frightened at a breath,
I fled. Upon the road that twines
Past Beppo's olive groves and vines,
I met Bianca. I have said
That she could read my soul—she read
My black thoughts even as I fled.
It must be so . . . for 'twas not he

Who, going on his nightly round,
The prop straight in his pathway found
And pushed it lightly—it was she
Who went to warn him! . . . Hark! I think
I hear the busy hammers clink
Upon the stone; and Guilo's laugh
Rings merrily—no bird is half
So gay as Guilo is!

They say
A great rock fell there once and lay
Beside a pretty peasant girl
Who loved her English lover well,
And called upon him when she fell!
Across her temple one bright curl
Concealed the wound; the very stone
Was loth to crush so fair a one!

Then I, Francesco, felt my hate
Die out. I loved Bianca still.
Hatred must die—it is its fate,—
But love, eternal, never will.

I sought Bianca's lover, told
Him all my story, knelt in tears.
I found him humbled, worn, and old,—

'Tis sorrow ages us, not years!
"Go, go!" he said, "your guilty soul
Shall be your jailer night and day!
Your black crime and its memory can
Torment you more than law or man.
Go! Get you from my sight away!"

Across the rose lane, down the hill,
Past orange groves and vineyards still,
Unto my lonely cot I went.
Despair came too; and stayed content
While hopeless days and nights were spent
Until there came to me unsought
How my atonement might be wrought
In marble. Ah, but not as they
Who work in plaster or in clay
I chipped the clinging stone away;
Wrought I my penance!

Day by day,
And hour by hour I called her name—
"Bianca"—softly, till she came!
And week by week, arose and grew
A shining angel in my view,
With wings outspread in snowy grace—
An angel, with Bianca's face!

I felt a talent strong and new;
It may be when the brain is ill
The hands but gain a greater skill!
Before the image left the stone
Where it had waited ages through,
Francesco's angel gained renown,
And love among the peasants, too.

From sandalled foot to plume-tipped wing,
With toil I carved my offering;
And when at last it stood complete,
I knelt down at those feet of stone,

And made my prayer at her feet,
That I may yet my sin atone!

Within a chapel poor and bare
I placed my altar angel; there
She stands in pure, white holiness,
And seems to pardon and to bless
With subtle power, strange, intense.
Why not? What thoughts of penitence,
What deep remorse, what pain of sin,
Are carved that marble form within!

The skill has left me now; the sign
Is good—it shows that skill divine;
It shows forgiveness may be mine!

—*Donahoe's Magazine.*

LAST NIGHT.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

LAST night you came and woke me from a sleep
Of dead delights, old loves, and passions past.
I was alone, climbing a toilsome steep
Broken with stones, with shadows overcast;
The sun had sunk, there was no more to do;
This was my dream, how did it seem to you
Last night?

Last night I looked into your loving eyes,
Half closed with dew like roses in the morn;
I took your fingers then, and no surprise
Played in their touch, for love was yet unborn.
And thus we stood, light breaking through the blue;
I could not wait, did it seem wrong to you
Last night?

Last night we crossed the bridge that stems the stream
Dividing desert waste from flower land;

We looked no longer back, but as in dream
  Strayed on into love's garden, hand in hand.
    We could not speak, delight hid half the view,
    Then came the kiss; love, was it sweet to you
                Last night?

Last night I found the lady of my dreams,
  One who has haunted me these weary years;
I know her not, and still again she seems
  To stand between a life of toil and tears.
    How will it end? I cannot tell, can you?
    Kiss me again, just as you used to do
                Last night!

MY BROTHER HENRY.

J. M. BARRIE.

STRICTLY speaking, I never had a brother Henry, and yet I cannot say that Henry was an impostor. He came into existence in a curious way, and I can think of him now without malice as a child of smoke. The first I heard of Henry was at Pettigrew's house, which is in a London suburb, so conveniently situated that I can go there and back in one day. I was testing some new Cabanas, I remember, when Pettigrew remarked that he had been lunching with a man who knew my brother Henry. Not having any brother but Alexander, I felt that Pettigrew had mistaken the name. "Oh, no," Pettigrew said, "he spoke of Alexander, too." Even this did not convince me, and I asked my host for his friend's name. Scudamour was the name of the man, and he had met my brothers Alexander and Henry years before in Paris. Then I remembered Scudamour, and I probably frowned, for I myself was my own brother Henry. I distinctly recalled Scudamour meeting Alexander and me in Paris, and calling me Henry, though my name begins with J. I explained the mistake to Pettigrew, and there, for the time

being, the matter rested. However, I had by no means heard the last of Henry.

Several times afterward I heard from various persons that Scudamour wanted to meet me because he knew my brother Henry. At last we did meet, and almost as soon as he saw me, Scudamour asked where Henry was now. This was precisely what I feared. I am a man who always looks like a boy. There are few persons of my age in London who retain their boyish appearance as long as I have done; indeed, this is the curse of my life. Though I am approaching the age of thirty, I pass for twenty; and I have observed old gentlemen frown at my precosity when I said a good thing, or helped myself to a second glass of wine. There was, therefore, nothing surprising in Scudamour's remark that when he had the pleasure of meeting Henry, Henry must have been about the age that I had now reached. All would have been well had I explained the real state of affairs to this annoying man; but, unfortunately for myself, I loathe entering upon explanations to anybody about anything. When I ring for a time-table, and William John brings coals instead, I accept the coals as a substitute. Much, then, did I dread a discussion with Scudamour, his surprise when he heard that I was Henry, and his comments on my youthful appearance. There was no likelihood of meeting Scudamour again, so the easiest way to get rid of him seemed to be to humor him. I therefore told him that Henry was in India, married, and doing well. "Remember me to Henry when you write him," was Scudamour's last remark to me that evening.

A few weeks later some one tapped me on the shoulder in Oxford Street. It was Scudamour. "Heard from Henry?" he asked. I said I had heard by the last mail. "Anything particular in the letter?" I felt that it would not do to say that there was nothing particular in a letter that had come all the way from India, so I hinted that Henry was having trouble with his wife. By this I meant that her health was bad; but he took it up in another way, and I did not set him right. "Ah, ah!" he said, shaking his head sagaciously, "I'm sorry to hear that. Poor Henry!"

"Poor old boy!" was all I could think of replying.

"How about the children?" Scudamour asked.

"Oh, the children," I said, with what I thought presence of mind, "are coming to England."

"To stay with Alexander?" he asked.

My answer was that Alexander was expecting them by the middle of next month; and eventually Scudamour went away, muttering, "Poor Henry!"

In a month or so we met again. "No word of Henry's getting leave of absence?" asked Scudamour.

I replied shortly that Henry had gone to live in Bombay, and would not be home for years.

He saw that I was brusque, so what does he do but draw me aside for a quiet explanation. "I suppose," he said, "you are annoyed because I told Pettigrew that Henry's wife had run away from him. The fact is, I did it for your good. You see, I happened to make a remark to Pettigrew about your brother Henry, and he said that there was no such person. Of course, I laughed at that, and pointed out not only that I had the pleasure of Henry's acquaintance, but that you and I had a talk about the old fellow every time we met. 'Well,' Pettigrew said, 'this is a most remarkable thing; for he,' meaning you, 'said to me, in this very room, sitting in that very chair, that Alexander was his only brother.' I saw that Pettigrew resented your concealing the existence of your brother Henry from him, so I thought the most friendly thing I could do was to tell him that your reticence was undoubtedly due to the unhappy state of poor Henry's private affairs. Naturally, in the circumstances, you did not want to talk about Henry."

I shook Scudamour by the hand, telling him that he had acted judiciously; but if I could have stabbed him in the back at that moment I dare say I would have done it.

I did not see Scudamour again for a long time, for I took care to keep out of his way; but I heard first from him and then of him. One day he wrote to me saying that his nephew was going to Bombay, and would I be so good as to give the youth an introduction to my brother Henry? He also asked

me to dine with him and his nephew. I declined the dinner, but I sent the nephew the required note of introduction to Henry.

The next I heard of Scudamour was from Pettigrew. "By the way," said Pettigrew, "Scudamour is in Edinburgh at present."

I trembled, for Edinburgh is where Alexander lives. "What has taken him there?" I asked, with assumed carelessness.

Pettigrew believed it was business. "But," he added, "Scudamour asked me to tell you that he meant to call on Alexander, as he was anxious to see Henry's children."

A few days afterward I had a telegram from Alexander, who generally uses this means of communication when he corresponds with me.

"Do you know a man Scudamour? Reply," was what Alexander said.

I thought of answering that we had met a man of that name when we were in Paris; but, after consideration, I replied, boldly: "Know no one of name of Scudamour."

About two months ago I passed Scudamour in Regent Street, and he scowled at me. This I could have borne if there had been no more of Henry; but I knew that Scudamour was now telling everybody about Henry's wife. By and by I got a letter from an old friend of Alexander's, asking me if there was any truth in a report that Alexander was going to Bombay. Soon after Alexander wrote to me, saying he had been told by several persons that I was going to Bombay. In short, I saw that the time had come for killing Henry. So I told Pettigrew that Henry had died of fever, deeply regretted; and asked him to be sure to tell Scudamour, who had always been interested in the deceased's welfare. Pettigrew afterward told me that he had communicated the sad intelligence to Scudamour. "How did he take it," I asked.

"Well," Pettigrew said, reluctantly, "he told me that when he was up in Edinburgh, he did not get on well with

Alexander. But he expressed great curiosity as to Henry's children."

"Ah," I said, "the children were both drowned in the Forth; a sad affair—we can't bear to talk of it."

I am not likely to see much of Scudamour again, nor is Alexander. Scudamour now goes about saying that Henry was the only one of us he really liked.

"WILL FRANK BUCHANAN WRITE?"

CLEMENT SCOTT.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

[This advertisement is a true one save for the names.—C. S.]

Prologue.

Extract from a letter received October 2, 1885, from a sympathetic friend: "I clip the death at foot of this page from this week's *Stage*. Is it not a condensed three-volume romance? Do not think it a liberty, but I feel sure this will afford you an idea for another poem.

"'DEATHS.

"'On the 18th instant, at ——— Street, Leicester, Reginald Frank, the only beloved child of Laura Buchanan, aged two years and seven months. Will Frank Buchanan write?'"

Act I.

A MAIDEN, blest with loving eyes,
And soul concealed from sin;
A man, who boldly dares and dies,
Weak womankind to win.
A girl, heartsick of dreary days,
Whose thoughts to distance swim;
He with her fair hair idly plays,
She blindly worships him.

They met, as other lovers meet,
  Beneath life's Calvary!
He would fling flowers at her feet,
  Without him she would die.
No terror creeps to him, alas!
  On her no shadows fall:
A gayer sunlight gilds the grass,
  When Love is lord of all.

He thought of her as something dear
  To cherish and possess;
Her sigh was music in his ear,
  His triumph—her caress!
Well, he was lord if she was weak,
  He failed where she was strong;
Men are but madmen do they seek
  A hymn from out Love's song.

She thought of him as half divine,
  A monarch who had come
Upon her lonely life to shine,
  And lead her proudly home.
She paced her chamber, to and fro,
  Her praying face was white;
God send the answer, yes or no—
  Will Frank Buchanan write?

Act II.

A weary woman with a soul
  To ruin or to save!
He was the rock where breakers roll,
  She was the storm-tossed wave!
The hair with which he used to play,
  The lips he loved to taste,
Are nothing! Night has followed day,
  Wealth yielded all to waste.

She was a gambler at the game!
  Staked honor at the throw,

Flung down her reputation, name!
  He smiled that it was so.
For him she sacrificed her all,
  And, helpless to resist,
Like some poor bird, did he but call,
  She settled on his wrist.

He left her broken, flung aside,
  A more than ruined life,
A woman who was never bride,
  But more in soul than wife!
He took her up his taste to please,
  The coward dare depart
When she was praying on her knees
  For his accursed heart!

One night she faced her misery
  With resolution grim;
He dared to hope that she would die,
  She bravely prayed for him:
"God, sometimes pitiless to men,
  Read my torn soul aright!
If I be patient, Lord, oh, then,
  Will Frank Buchanan write?"

Act III.

A mother with a weary face,
  An infant at her breast;
Behind her—unabsolved disgrace;
  Before—eternal rest!
Alone? No; this sweet part of him
  Must on her bosom lie;
And still the star-crowned cherubim
  Sing of eternity!

She creeps in silence to the place
  So long shut out from sight.
In agony she bows her face
  Before the altar light:

"Sweet Heart of Jesus! Heart of Rest!
Pure Mary! Mother mild!
Behold the wounds upon *my* breast;
Hear me—but save my child!"

Is there no music in the air
To lift such prayers above,
Where reigns the best of what was fair
In everlasting love?
Was there no mercy on that day
To raise that lowly head?
She from God's altar crept away,
To find—her child was dead!

There lay the blossom that was torn
From the cold grasp of earth,
Waiting an everlasting morn
And a transcendent birth!
But the pale woman bowed her head,
Still praying; and that night
Kissed *their* dead child, and, sobbing, said,
"*Will Frank Buchanan write?*"

THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

H. SAVILE CLARK.

[Piano accompaniment may be used with good effect during this recitation.]

A TALE of the siege of Lucknow, though the years have rolled away,
It is fresh in my memory still—like a story of yesterday.

'Twas the terrible mutiny time, when the fierce, fanatical hordes
Rose, and nought to withstand but the flash of a handful of swords;
Only a handful of men stood shoulder to shoulder sore smitten,

Fighting for country and Queen, and bearing the banner of Britain.

They had hemmed us in, trapped us in Lucknow; wherever the outlook there came
The roar of their rifles and cannon, the signs of the circle of flame.
Wot ye well 'mid that weariful leaguer that high deeds of daring were done;
But how could we break out from the place when the foe was a thousand to one?
And the ring of dark faces was there from the earliest flush of the light,
While their sentinels held us on guard through the long, monotonous night.

But keen was the foe and alert, and, hyena-like, hungered for prey;
And the list of the dead and the dying grew longer from day to day.
And day after day went on, and weary we were and worn,
With never a realization at night of the hope of the morn.
And our store of food ran short, and our brave defenders then
Cried, "Give it the women and children, we can but die like men!"
Like men they died. You honored their deeds with tears and laurels at home:
There never were nobler heroes in the mightiest days of Rome.

As I saw it all then, I can see it now, and oft in the still midnight,
I hear the ring of the rifles and the fearsome din of the fight;
I hear the wailing of children, and the moaning of men in pain;
I see what the siege of Lucknow burnt in upon my brain;
And my pulses fail and my heart stands still, so real the vision seems,
Of each terrible hour that yet has power to redden all my dreams.

Then the last day came, as we thought: and death seemed fairer still
Than the fate that might one day be ours if the foeman had his will.
And I turned to the man who loved me, and I said: "By our plighted troth,
By the love that we bear each other, now swear me a resolute oath:
When the last onset comes, you will keep me one cartridge—you understand—
And save me; and kill me. O love! 'Twill be best that I die by your hand."
Then he bent down and kissed me and promised, while the words that he spoke will remain
Engraven for aye on heart, until death re-unites us again.

Our men with the strife were spent, and we felt that the end was come,
We could only watch them with straining eyes, and our lips were dumb
Save only for prayer; and the pitiless sun in the hot blue sky looked down
On hapless men and women, and the fierce insurgent town.
So the day drew on to a close, and it seemed far sweeter to die,
When a Scotch girl there in the corner laid prostrate rose with a cry,
Of "Dinna ye hear it?—the pipes! The Highlanders come to save!"
And we listened, but all was stillness; a silence as of the grave.

She was weary and worn with fasting; what wonder we sighed and thought,
"Poor girl, she raves in her sleep, 'tis the cry of a woman distraught."
Then again the muskets rang out, and we listened with bated breath
For the last and the fatal onset, deliverance only in death.

But again she rose, and "Dinna ye hear it?" once more she cried;
"The pipes! I had never thought to hear them again ere I died.
They mind me of dear old Scotland, the land of the heath and the hill,
Of the rowan and purple heather, and many a bonny brown rill.
It *is* the sound of the pibroch! I know 'tis the Highlanders!"
And we listened. But no! our ears were not so keen as hers.

But hark! There surely were sounds on the fierce, hot evening air,
And again we held our breath, while our hearts went out in prayer.
Yes! yes! It was true! She was right! For the sound came nearer still;
The pipes rang out on the night with a piercing voice and shrill!
And with them came the tramp we had listened so long for; and then
We heard "The Campbells are Coming"—the march of the Highland men!

Then we saw the waving tartans, and the glimmer of steel outshine—
Ah, me! How our hearts had ached for a sight of that ordered line!
And then the peril was ended, and the sorrow was overpast;
They had raised the leaguer of Lucknow! and we knew we were saved at last!
And the foul foe knew to his cost, in that night of ruin and wrack,
The strength of the soldiers of England 'neath the banner that never goes back.

"THE CLOCK AT BERNE."

SIDNEY GRUNDY.

FIVE NOTES OF MRS. BANCROFT'S FAMOUS SPEECH IN "DIPLOMACY."

LADY HENRY: Have you seen the famous clock at Berne?

JULIAN: No, Lady Henry.

LADY HENRY: Well, I have. Oh, such a swindle! I was with Lord Henry when he was Minister at Berne, and my first instinct was to go and see this famous clock. Oh, people come from far and near to see it, but all the machinery

Have you seen the famous clock at Berne?

It looks more like a crow.

is out of order, consequently everything mechanical goes wrong. First, there is a sort of figure like a king sitting in a regal chair, with a long beard and a very dirty face, with something like a Dutch cheese in the left hand and something like a pantomime poker in the other, and he looks *so* miser-

"Oh, dear, here's another hour gone!"

He is a contented little creature.

It now goes to his ear.

able, as much as to say, when the clock strikes, "Oh, dear, here's another hour gone." This is what he does [*imitates*

with fan and movement of the hand the striking of the hour.] Then, by his side is a small dwarf, with a spoonful of nothing at all in his hand; but he is a contented little creature, and looks as happy as though he had had a hearty meal. Formerly the spoon used to go to his mouth, but as the machinery is out of order, it now goes to his ear something like this [*imitates with fan the movement of the figure, the fan going to the left ear and the mouth opening*]. Then, last of all, there is a miserable bird they call a cock—but it looks more like a crow—all the color washed out of him years ago. Time and weather have done their work, and left him with a chronic cold, so that his crow is something like this [*imitates with her arms the flapping of wings, and then gives a low, croupy* Oh, oh, oh! Ha, ha, ha!].—*From the prompter's copy.*

A KISS IN THE DARK.

JOHN G. WATTS.

WHEN very young, I loved a lass,
With eyes like violets, bright and bluey;
With hair like some Circassian fair,
Lips like a rose, rare, red, and dewy.

A waist—I never saw its peer,
It was so tapering and slender;
A hand like wax, a model foot,
Unlike her heart, 'twas very tender.

Long, long I worshipped from afar,
Breathed loveful sighs, threw sheepish glances,
Sent valentines and signed my name,
Made many other bold advances.

All was of no avail. She laughed
And said, "You really are so funny;'
And once was rude enough to tell
Me "not to waste my pocket-money."

One night I met her at a rout,
  She seemed more beautiful than ever;
She let me hand her to a seat;
  I felt now was the time, or never.

I flattered, joked, told anecdotes,
  She smiled approval, times and often;
"At length," I chuckled to myself,
  "Her nature has begun to soften."

Just at that instant—bob—the gas
  Became an optical delusion;
Thought I, what bliss to steal a kiss
  Amid the darkness and confusion.

Foward I leaned and seized the prize,
  When, to my utter consternation,
A something like the hand of wax
  Taught my left ear a new sensation.

In came the candles—oh! ye gods!
  My fair had moved, nor had I missed her;
Worse—in the darkness I'd embraced
  Her aunt—her mother's maiden sister!

PADDY DUNBAR.

SIR WE-ALTER SCOTT.

OCH! Paddy Dunbar is come out of the West,
  In all broad St. Giles's his brogue was the best;
And, save his shillalah, he weapon had none,
He walked by himself when he walked all alone
  So darin' in love and so plucky in war,
  Och! a broth of a boy now was Paddy Dunbar.

He carried up bricks, and he carried up stone,
And he carried up mortar whin bricks there was none;

But ere he had rattled at Mulrooney's gate,
The bride had consented, poor Paddy came late.
  And a freshwater sailor, who'd never smelt tar,
  Was to wed the swate Norah of Paddy Dunbar.

So boldly he marched into Mulrooney's stall,
'Mongst fathers and mothers and brothers and all.
Thin spake ould Mulrooney, his fist in his hand,
While the spalpeen of a bridegroom quite spachless did stand:
  "Och! come ye in pace here, or come ye in war,
  Or to jig at our weddin', ye blackguard Dunbar?"

"When I first coorted Nora ye thought me too bould,
Love warms us like toddy, but sooner grows cowld;
And now I am come, widout malice or spleen,
To jig at your weddin', ye dirty spalpeen!
  There are girls in Galway more purty be far,
  Who would gladly be married to Paddy Dunbar!"

The bride filled a noggin; young Pat took it up;
He tipped off the whiskey, then threw down the cup;
She looked down to sneeze, and she looked up so sly,
Wid a pipe in her mouth, and a patch on her eye.
  He took her red hand ere her mother could bar,—
  "Here goes for a jig now!" says Paddy Dunbar.

So big was his form and so red was her face,
That niver a stall sich a couple did grace;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom lay drunk at the end of the room;
  And the ould women whispered, "'Twere betther be far
  To have matched our swate Norah wid Paddy Dunbar."

One wink of the eye, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the street door, and found the coast clear;
So light to his shoulder swate Norah he flung!
So swift o'er the gutter before him he sprung!
  "We are gone! she is mine! over post, rail, and bar,
  They'll have long legs that catch us," says Paddy Dunbar.

There was rousin' and growlin' in Mulrooney's clan;
The Murphys and Donovans up and they ran;
There was racin' and chasin', a deuce of a spree,
But the illigant Norah no more did they see.
So darin' in love and so plucky in war,
Och! a broth of a boy now was Paddy Dunbar.

PUSSY'S BETTER NATURE.

ANNIE HUGHES.

AS RECITED BY MRS. KENDAL.

ONE Garrick said, as in this tale you'll find,
"A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind."
Human, indeed, it happens oft in life,
When others share with us our woes and strife.
The tale I'd like to tell is of a cat,
An incident, perhaps, you'll wonder at;
Maybe you'll not believe it on my word,
How once a cat refused to eat a bird,
So you shall hear it straight from her own lips;
Though should she fail, or seem to make false slips,
I'll be at hand to help her with her task.
And that you'll sympathize is all we ask.

* * * * *

Oh, it was a cruel thing to do, for 'twas my only one,
They had drowned four daughters in the well, but left my little son;
Then they went and stole him from me, though I'd left him scarce a minute,
Sleeping sweetly in his bed, just while I went to see a linnet
Hanging in that window there; for she was making such a noise,
Worse than my young masters do—and they are very dreadful boys.

But I didn't intend to eat her, only simply wished to say,
As I'd had no sleep all night, I much should like to sleep all day
If she only would keep quiet, and not go on chirping so.
I suppose she wouldn't hear me, for she paid no heed, I know;
So I climbed upon the table, and I gave the cage a tap,
Meaning just to say, "Quiet, quiet you must be, ma'am, when I rap."
But not she. The bird seemed deaf, and still she chirruped all the more.
Then my anger rose; I sprang at her, when open flew the door,
And my better nature vanished. I could see her in my power;
And that bird was doomed to die now, and no longer in her bower
Should she chirrup all my sleep away, as if she had a right.
I determined now to eat her if I sat there all the night.
To and fro the cage kept swinging, but quite still the biped sat,
While I longed to reach her with my paw—I felt a very cat.
Coaxing would not serve my purpose, so the only thing to do
Was to spring again upon her, and then try to drag her through
Where the open door gave egress; yet I could not understand
Why she still remained so passive when her freedom was at hand.
I had fancied she would leave her cage the moment that she could,
Flying off in search of freer life—I quite believed she would.
Little did I know the reason then, nor did I learn until
I had reached the cage, and, peering in, she pecked me with her bill;
For another bird was with her, just a tiny, half-fledged one—
There before me was a mother trying to save her only son.
How, then, could I eat her now? Ah! was I not a mother too?

So I sat and watched them where I was, and pondered what to do.
Must I spare the dainty morsels? Yes; remember yours—alone.
At that moment, sure, I heard a cry—a low and plaintive moan!
Could it be my child who wanted me, and cried out in despair?
Quickly back I went in search of him—my treasure wasn't there!
But my love was blind; he couldn't have moved, unless he had been carried.
Oh! why had I left him all alone? Why, also, had I tarried?
Watching for that horrid bird, and after all that I had done,
Sparing both the linnet and her child, and now to lose my son!
How I tore about in search of him, to every room I hied,
Through the dining-room and drawing-room—the kitchen then I tried.
Ah, what joy! my grief was over, all my misery at an end—
Cook's arms I found around my son; she'd shown him to a friend!

LADYBIRD'S RACE.

CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

THERE—there they are! There are the horses!
How their silken coats gleam in the sun,
And how proudly they carry their heads, too!
Oh! oh! that the race were but run!
Were this awful suspense only ended!
Could I know now the best or the worst,
And which of those beautiful creatures—
Ah! which of them all will be first?
Look, look! how they're fretting and quiv'ring
As nimbly they canter along,

All the world like the lords and the ladies
  Where beauty and gallantry throng;
Noble brutes that are longing so madly—
  So eagerly waiting to start—
Do you dream that your heels as you struggle
  Beat time to the throbs of a heart?
Do you know that your hurrying footsteps
  May lives either trample or make,
And that in your fleetness men's honor
  And women's fond love are at stake?
See, at last there is Ladybird coming!
  What grace! What a dazzling skin!
She moves like an empress among them!
  For his sake, my sweet, you must win!
But yet there is no need to tell her—
  The darling thing knows it quite well;
For I whispered my secret this morning
  As I stroked her soft neck——

What! you, Belle?
So you've wandered away from the others,
  You thought I looked lonely, perhaps?
Always kind, Belle. Come, isn't it pretty,
  The sun on the jockey's caps,
And the throng there of gaily-dressed women?
  How happy and careless they seem!
But to me, Belle, 'tis all so unreal,
  Like a fair yet a sorrowful dream.
Not be downcast—ah! how can I help it?
  There's Ladybird! Look at her—there!
She's just coming through from the paddock,
  Belle, how can I help it but care?
Still, you, dear, you're like my own sister—
  Yes, Belle! you, at least you, shall know
What 'twill mean if—if Ladybird's beaten.
  Look! look, Belle! There—there they all go!
They've all gone down there to be started:
  And but a few minutes, and then,

Thank heaven! the race will be over.
  But what are they crying, those men?
Listen, Belle!—Wildflower is fav'rite!
  Then Ladybird's lost the first place?
This morning 'twas she that was favorite.
  It means ruin, Belle—worse, disgrace—
To him, dear—I mean, to my father—
  If Ladybird loses, you know.
But you are not going to leave me?
  Ah! no, dear! you—you must not go;
You must hear the rest, or you'll think him—
  You'll think he alone is to blame.
But you know he's so generous-hearted,
  And so trustful, dear—he lent his name
To someone who turned out unworthy—
  Ah, well! you can guess at the rest.
Should Ladybird lose, we are ruined!
  No! no, Belle! don't think that I jest.
'Tis true, and there's worse still to tell you:
  My father, he—*he* must be saved;
And if Ladybird chances to fail us,
  There's but one thing left to be braved.
I shudder to tell it you, darling;
  It maddens me almost to think
Of the misery lying before me—
  Of the horrors to which I shall sink
With him—with that man—as my husband,
  Who threatens to ruin us, Belle;
For if we should lose I must wed him.
  That is all—all I have, dear, to tell.
Wait! I lie to you! We have been sisters,
  And you have a true woman's heart;
You know what it means to a woman
  When a cruel hand comes in to part—
Tear asunder the links that have bound her
  To the love she has cherished for years.
Ah, Belle! you must know how I love him—

You know how to pity my tears!
No, no! I have not dared to tell him,
And in his last letter he said—
"I am working so hard for you, darling;
And I know you'll be true to your Fred."
But if Ladybird loses to-day, Belle,
It means,—yes, it means that we two
Shall be parted forever, forever.
But promise me—promise that you
Will tell him what I dared not to tell him,
'Twas done for my poor father's sake;
That I loved him—would always have loved him
Till death—till my poor heart should break.

They're off, Belle! The horses have started!
Hark! hark at the shouts from the ring!
And still, still those echoing voices;
They know not what sorrow 'twill bring
If one foot should happen to falter,
If one foot should stumble; but no—
No, Ladybird never will fail me.
See! see them, Belle! There they all go!
Down, down in the dip, out of sight now—
No; here they come, climbing the hill.
Who's first? Can you see? Who is first, Belle?
For I'm dazed, and my heart's standing still.
Ah! there's Ladybird—there—black and silver!
But far—far behind, almost last!
And there's Wildflower, close to the railing—
She's winning! But no, see how fast,
How grandly is Ladybird gaining!
She's threading her way through them all.
Speed, Ladybird, speed, darling, onward!
Hear the cheers of the crowd, how they call
For Wildflower; but Ladybird's reached her—
They're racing quite level. They come!
How close they come—nearer and nearer!
Their hoofs stir my heart like a drum.

There—there they go, still locked together,
  Quite level—one—one second more.
What's that that the people are shouting?
  Both names? Yet the struggle is o'er.
No one knows, you say? Ah, me, how cruel!
  My heart, Belle, my heart it will burst.
See! the numbers go up! What's that—seven?
  Thank Heaven! then Ladybird's first!

A LITTLE TIN PLATE.

GARNET WALCH.

AMIDST the massive sideboard's burnished wealth—
  Rich flagons, loving cups, and wassail bowls,
Brave trophies of the river and the hunt,
And old-world tankards bossed with pictured tale—
Fair in the centre, as a place of pride,
On special pedestal, there rests a plate,
An old tin plate—a battered, dented plate,
With alphabet for legend round its marge,
Encircling Wellington in bold relief,
His cocked hat glory vying with his nose
To vouch the portrait true past breath of doubt—
A shabby, sorry plate—a dingy plate—
A Pariah of plates—yet still a plate
That has its story, and the story thus:

That plate there was bought by Jack Hill,
  'Bout the time of the rush to Split Creek,
For to give to his kid little Bill.
  I remember it, same as last week.
Little Bill was a bright four-year-old,
  Could toddle an' talk with the best—
Blue eyes, an' his curly hair gold,
  An' such limbs—you should see him undressed!
Most kids has some ways of their own,

An' Bill's were the takingest out;
To watch that there infant alone
Was as good any day as a shout.
Jack Hill—which the name was a blind—
Was as fond of the child as could be;
That lovin', an' tender, an' kind,
You'd have thought he was three parts a she.
It was all he had left of his luck
Since his wife, poor young creature, had died
But though patches was not to be struck,
He was happy with Bill by his side.

Most days Bill to lessons was sent,
While his father worked eighty foot down;
But at night the boy slep' in the tent,
In a crib, like the smartest in town;
An' on Sundays no shaft an' no school,
But a regular treat for the pair,
With a stroll in the bush, as a rule,
An' a extra bit lisp of a prayer.
Jack was never a psalm-singin' one,
There wasn't much shuffle in him,
But what the young mother begun
He wouldn't allow to go dim.
An' he used to tell yarns to that kid,
Me bein' his mate—do you take ?—
For to put Bill to sleep, an' they did;
But they'd keep me all night wide awake—
Such twisters of fairies with wings
As lived in each flower, on each bough,
An' all sorts of fanciful things,
Which their names, though, has slipped me just now;
But never no boggyfied rot,
That them nurses prefer, as it seems,
And that proved Jack to know what was what,
For the boy always smiled in his dreams.

Times kep' quisby, for when we were through,
An' had bottomed clean on to the lead,

The wasn-dirt turned out a dead slew;
  'Twas enough to make any heart bleed—
Not a speck! not a load for an ant,
  Not as much as would fill a fly's eye;
We hadn't a show for a slant—
  It was plain that our luck was sky-high.
Says I, "Let's Jack up, man alive,
  An' try further down on the Creek!"
"All right!" says my mate; "but we'll drive
  Right an' left to the end of this week."
So we drove for a couple of days,
  An' still we was out in the cold,
When, sudden as straw in a blaze,
  I'm blamed, if we didn't strike gold!
Such gold, too, the nuggety kind;
  Like plums stuck in duff, they was thick,
With a prospect of plenty behind,
  For it bettered each stroke of the pick.
At first we was quite took aback,
  Luck like this, when we thought luck was spent.
Then I touched flesh in silence with Jack,
  An' at it, like tigers, we went.

We'd got it at last—the right sort
  But we didn't say one single word,
For whatever the pair of us thought,
  'Twas our picks, not our tongues, as we stirred.
At night, when snug fixed in our beds,
  There'd be plenty of time to rejoice—
With that, man, right over our heads,
  We was scared by the sound of a voice.
'Twas the schoolmaster come to report
  As poor little Bill was took bad.
Jack downs with his pick quick as thought,
  An' ups to the surface like mad.
When I follows—I waited to get
  A bag of them plums, if you please—
There was Jack, like a statter he sat,

With Bill, half asleep, on his knees.
Says I, thinkin' 'twould take off the rough
(For I see that the kid was real bad),
"Here's a sack full of comfortin' stuff!"
"Speak soft," hisses Jack; "are you mad?
Chuck that muck in the corner—an' start
For the township—an' rouse up old Heard,
An' tell him to come, an' look smart!"
I was off like a redshank, my word!

Old Heard was a doctorin' bloke,
Knew as much as most medical men,
Which ain't lashin's—a beggar to soak,
But sober enough now an' then.
He was right, for a wonder, this day,
An' as wise as a mopoke with that;
So we went into his visitin'-shay,
An' along the back track at a bat!
Heard hauls out a watch from his kick,
Feels Bill's pulse, as it seemed, half an hour;
Next he has a long suck at his stick
(Which, to judge by his look, tasted sour);
Then he shakes his old chump to an' fro,
At a dignified pendylum pace,
An' he mutters, half 'loud an' half low,
"Bad case—ah! a very bad case."
Says Jack, "So I thought; now, fair's fair—
You've to save him, that's what you've to do.
For a week or so, Heard, you keep square;
An' if, by God's grace, he pulls through,
D'ye see that bag there? half is mine;
You shall have it—ah! handle the weight."
Says I, "Come, our forces we'll join,
For I goes the other half, mate."

Well, old Heard did his best for that fee,
Kep' as straight as a clear splittin' pine.
But no use, for it wasn't to be,
Not for all the gold south of the line.

When He says that the flower must fade,
  The gardeners may watch an' may tend,
But His is the will that's obeyed—
  I suppose it's all right in the end.
"Water—water!" that hoarse little cry
  Grew weaker an' weaker, until
That there little darlin' would lie
  Like a pretty wax figger, so still.
Don't you snuff? no, quite right—as you say,
  It's a habit that's best left alone;
It makes one's eyes water, too—hey?
  But it comforts me sometimes, I own.
Well, an hour before little Bill died,
  He picked up that 'dentical plate,
Which had been his particular pride,
  An' he holds it out straight to my mate
(It caught one big tear as it fell);
  Says he, "Pa, dear, you gave this to Bill
For learning his letters so well.
  Will you keep it, an' think of me still?
Mamma will be glad that I've come,
  An' for you we will both of us wait
Up there in that beautiful home,
  An' mind, Pa, you bring me my plate!"
'Twas a mere childish fancy at best,
  Most like to cause laughter than tears,
But it shows how that innocent blest,
  Of the death we so dread, had no fears.
Then he turns to a blubb'rin' old fool,
  An' says he, "Stupid Bob, don't you cry;
Little Bill isn't goin' to school,
  He's goin' to heaven—good-bye!"
He laid his sweet head on Jack's arm,
  With the other hand tight in his own,
An' he passed away smilin' an' calm,
  An' Jack, poor old Jack, was alone!

At first he was stunned-like, was Jack,
  But none the less ready for work.

My word! he did more than his whack—
  He was never a cove as would shirk,
An' as if to make up for our loss,
  That there claim kep' on, plum after plum;
Every day we were droppin' across
  Half a dozen as big as your thumb.
But Jack—an' I think I'd a share
  In them feelin's—thought more of one curled
Golden lock of his dead darlin's hair
  Than of all the blamed gold in the world.

* * * * *

It spread round the camp like a shot
  That Jack Hill an' Bob Smith were in luck,
But none of our neighbors had got
  A slice of the plum-duff we'd struck.
Just tucker was all they could raise,
  An' some of 'em not even that;
Such is Fortune's cantankerous ways,
  All purr, or all claw, the old cat!

Well, one night—you're not tired? No?—all right;
  There isn't much more to be told—
One dark, bitter, cold August night,
  We'd turned in dead beat, an' the gold
Is under Jack's head; both asleep,
  When two beggars crawl into the tent.
They had watched right enough—an' they creep,
  Like a couple of hounds on the scent,
One toward me—an' the other, by Jack,
  Slips a hand where the shammy is stowed;
T'other fist, for safe, silent attack,
  Grips a sharp butcher's knife. Well, I'm blowed
Jack wakes, but too late; through the air,
  Quick as lightnin', sir, down comes the knife,
Dead straight for his heart—an'—well, there,
  That little tin plate saved his life.

We'd a tussle, of course—twig this scar?—
  But we nobbled 'em both—one I shot,

An' the other's in Pentridge, Black Barr;
  I think it was ten years he got.
Jack settled in Melbourne long since,
  No cause for to fossick or roam,
An' them cups an' things, fit for a prince,
  Came out with a fortune from home;
Which his name isn't Jack—no, nor Hill,
  I told you, you'll mind, at the start.
Oh, yes, he's a widower still,
  Though South Yarra tries hard for his heart.
I fancy that plate is the charm
  As drives Cupid's arrows back bent,
An' who knows but it shields him from harm,
  As it did that dark night in the tent?
But, though Jack is well-bred, an' I aint;
  Though he's reckoned a "man of much weight,"
He's neither a prig nor a saint,
  An' he never goes back on his mate.
He'd relations afloat in the flood—
  He's the boss of this elegant place—
Here he comes!—it's my nevvy, my lud,
  Charles Smith—hem! Sir Bayard Fitz-Sayce.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

F. T. DAVIS.

IT may be, sir, as that you're right, tho' I don't think you be.
A storm by day 'n' storm by night they ain't the same to me.
'N' I have sailed the ocean wave for nigh on forty year;
'N' knows as daylight makes men brave, 'n' darkness makes 'em fear.

Oh, yes! the wind blows just as strong by day, *that* I'll allow,

"I may be right?" you may be wrong, for I can't argy
'ow.
But, blow me if I think you're right—beg pardon, if too
free—
But white ain't black, 'n' black ain't white, 'n' night ain't
day to me.

Thanks kindly, sir, I'll take it 'ot, two lumps 'n' lemon,
please,
With plenty whisky, for I've got a cold as makes me sneeze.
'N' now I comes to think again of storm by day 'n' night,
It seems to me, sir, very plain; you must, of course, be
right.

That baccy, sir, smells very sweet, 'n' fresh as new-mown
'ay;
"A pipeful?" Well, that is a treat I don't get every day.
'N' so you've never been afloat out on the ocean sea?
Not even in a little boat? Well, that is queer to me.

Oh, yes, sir! I can spin a yarn, 'n' tell 'ee where I've been.
Maybe from it, too, you may larn of things as I 'ave seen;
Of rivers full of rum, as flows; of sugar mountains 'igh;
'N' oysters that on bushes grows, 'n' fishes as do fly.

Well, sir, I'll tell 'ee 'ow I saw the great sea-sarpint snake.
Without a lie, 'e 'ad a jaw as would a' archway make.
'Is eye was like a 'lectric light, 'is size was three mile long,
'Is breath was like a fog at night, 'e smelt of sulphur strong.

I was a-standin' at the wheel, one dark 'n' stormy night,
The lightnin' made me creepy feel, it was so blindin' bright.
The ship was 'ove to with one sail, a storm jib only set,
That awful, 'owlin', fearful gale I never shall forget.

The sea was runnin' mountains 'igh, the salt sprays comed
aboard,
'N' all was black up in the sky, while thunders crashed 'n'
roared.
'N' all at once I seed the snake shove up 'is ugly 'ead.
It made me tremble, like, 'n' shake, to see them eyes so red.

'E ate the captain 'n' the crew—they numbered twenty-three—
'N' then—believe me, sir, 'tis true—that sarpint swallowed me!
I met the other chaps inside, they was a-lookin' queer;
The captain 'e sat down 'n' cried, but *I* didn't feel no fear.

'N' so I took my pocket-knife 'n' cut a great big 'ole;
Then on the deck, for blessed life, we rolled out every soul.
The sarpint cleared off pretty quick, 'e 'ad enough that day.
I tell you, sir, 'e did feel sick—eh! So do you? Good day!

MERELY PLAYERS.

CLARA SAVILE CLARK.

A DUOLOGUE.

Characters. { An Actress. A Doctor.

Scene:—A poor lodging in the country. The doctor comes softly out of an inner room and closes the door. The actress is sitting on a small table smoking a cigarette.

Actress. Oh! there you are, doctor. How is she to-day?

Doctor. Better, thanks to you.

Actress. Oh, dear, no! I've done nothing.

Doctor. You have nursed her until you are ill and worn out yourself. May I feel your pulse?

Actress. No.

Doctor. You think you are all right?

Actress. I know I am.

Doctor. May I stay and talk to you a little?

Actress. If you like.

Doctor. You have been here a month?

Actress. Yes, luckily for Lil, or she would have lost her engagement and her screw.

DOCTOR. And her nurse, too.

ACTRESS. How do you know? I might have gone on with the company and left her.

DOCTOR. Might you?

ACTRESS. Don't think me a saint!

DOCTOR. I haven't yet put you in that light; I have only seen a very good woman.

ACTRESS. Stop! Talk of something else. Now, you would never think, would you, that I was playing last night —to look at me, I mean?

DOCTOR. Well, no.

ACTRESS. Make-up, sir. It's a splendid thing to make up our characters, too, in real life, so that you shan't detect us. Now you think I'm good?

DOCTOR. I think nothing of the kind.

ACTRESS [*disconcerted*]. Good gracious! Do you think I'm bad?

DOCTOR [*smiling*]. I have already told you that your devotion to your friend has won my most earnest admiration.

ACTRESS. Oh! Well, that's put on. It pays. She will nurse me when I'm ill, won't she? [*Silence; she flings away cigarette.*] Doctor, don't believe in me.

DOCTOR. I can't help it.

ACTRESS. Why, I'm a mass of deceit. What color would you call my hair?

DOCTOR. Golden, a golden brown.

ACTRESS. I knew it. My hair is really black, dyed, sir, as we dye our very natures, lest you should discover the color of our sins.

DOCTOR. Black!

ACTRESS. Of course! Cleverly managed, that's all. It makes a vast difference to a face. Once when we were very poor ———

DOCTOR. We? That is, yourself and your friend.

ACTRESS. No! I was married—I meant the child. It died.

DOCTOR. I was married, too.

ACTRESS. Were you? Is she dead?

DOCTOR [*quietly*]. No! She ran away. She was very young and giddy, and I was grave and stern and she tired of me. That is all.

ACTRESS. And you have hated women from that moment, of course.

DOCTOR. I lost my faith in them.

ACTRESS. Will it never return?

DOCTOR. It has returned.

ACTRESS. What nonsense! Don't let it! Yet we are, after all, much what men make us. I held my real name hidden for two years at the pleasure of a man, and it broke free at last. I was treated like a child, just as I was struggling to be a woman, and my best impulses were laughed at and kept down.

DOCTOR. And so you leave to-morrow?

ACTRESS. Yes.

DOCTOR. To continue to lead this life?

ACTRESS. Why not? It is no less true for seeming false. I remember when my baby died, I had to play all the same, and in the piece I had to cry and did. And a woman I knew in the audience told me I was a fool to put glycerine on my lashes to look like tears, because it ruined my make-up. That's life! Give men and women the real article and they think they see through it, and doubt its truth. Give them paste and paint, and they like it, and believe it true, and know better than the owner of it. People will persist in being too clever; but, after all, they only cheat themselves.

DOCTOR [*smiling*]. You are quite a philosopher.

ACTRESS. I am a woman who has suffered—perhaps that's the same thing.

DOCTOR. You were not educated for the stage?

ACTRESS [*bitterly*]. No; I was educated for a man.

DOCTOR. You mean——

ACTRESS. I mean I was very young when I married, and he was clever, and wished to mold me after his own pattern. I chose to pretend this was impossible; but my nature grew all the same. Let a man beware when he crushes ambition

and interest in a woman. It will live in spite of him, and come to the surface some time. Now your wife———

DOCTOR. Was young and foolish—never sinful—that is all.

ACTRESS. And you were never selfish enough to wish her sole pride to be in you, her sole interest in your interests, her sole knowledge, the knowledge you instilled into her giddy brain?

DOCTOR. I hope not.

ACTRESS. You were never jealous of her mind, as you were jealous of her favor, of her love for art or literature—a blind love, for she knew little of either—because you could not spare time to instruct her in either?

DOCTOR. Again—I hope not.

ACTRESS. Then you were. We never hope about a certainty.

DOCTOR. If she had been a woman—well, like you—all might have been different.

ACTRESS. Nonsense! You have seen one side of my character, that is all. Men are so quick to imagine the surface turned toward them is the only one we women own.

DOCTOR. I saw you tending your sick friend. I saw your patience and love for her. I see you slaving at your profession with no one to help or encourage you, leading a life that must often be uncongenial. I want to know little more of you than that.

ACTRESS. False! False! Everything's false. There is nothing real about me. Now, my age?

DOCTOR [*smiling*]. You are not very old.

ACTRESS. My back is to the light. Put out your hand and touch my cheek. Why, how your hand trembles! Covered with white stuff, of course. Wrinkles all hidden. I told you about my hair.

DOCTOR. I don't care. I—I like the woman I know—the woman you have been since I first met you—when they carried your friend home ill from the theatre, and then sent for me. If you are false, I am afraid I love falseness. I am foolish enough to have got to the stage when even defamation of yourself from your own lips could not harm you. Yet

am glad, after all, that you are going; for, as I told you, I have a wife somewhere, and even to love you as I love you is a sin.

ACTRESS [*slowly descending from table and going toward him*]. You love me!

DOCTOR. As I never knew one could love. I even love this poor, pretty, tortured hair, and these dear tired eyes. I love you painted or old, laughing or in tears. I seem to have crept out of the cold and to have found your heart, as it really is. Don't try and hide it from me. The glimpses I have had of it have been paradise.

ACTRESS. Her hair—your wife's hair—was black.

DOCTOR. Who told you that?

ACTRESS. The way you looked when I said what mine had been. Try and imagine me with black hair.

DOCTOR. I can't.

ACTRESS. And so you love this actress?

DOCTOR. And would marry her if——

ACTRESS. *If she were your wife?*

DOCTOR [*starting*]. What do you mean?

ACTRESS. Look at me well. [*Silence; after some time she timidly lays her hand on his arm.*] Our little baby died, dear. [*He puts both his arms round her, and they stand looking down at the fire together.*]

CURTAIN.

FRANCESCA.

H. SAVILE CLARK.

A STORY OF VENICE.

WHAT avails a confession, O father, when the doom of the morning is near,
When my heart is as rock to your teaching, when my eyes shed no penitent tear?

Could I live my life o'er I would do what I have done again, though I saw
At the end of my pathway the scaffold and axe in the grip of the law,
As I see them to-night. Are the people you shrive of a metal like this,
Who think only of life as a torture, of death as a haven of bliss?
Ah! well, I'll confess if you wish it, if only because you have brought
The news that I long for, the tale of her madness, and how when distraught
She babbles of blood and the sight that she saw when he yielded his breath,
Like Sisera slain by a woman, and unfaith found requital in death.

Do you know what love is, O my father, when it comes to a girl of the south?
Like a swift summer rain to a land that has known desolation and drought;
Like the news of his freedom to one who has languished in fetters for long;
Like the joy in the heart of the dumb could his lips frame articulate song;
Like a star to the ken of the sailor on black and tempestuous night;
Like the sun to the deep and the darkness at God's command "Let there be light."
He was strong as the son of Olympus and fair as the men of his home,
The Norland, whence in the old days came the Goths to the leaguer of Rome;
And his hair was the hue of the wheat when the autumn makes golden the corn,
His eyes were as blue as the sky that is seen on a midsummer morn;

While his voice was as sweet as the music that comes from the
Apennine rills,
And it echoed all day in my heart like a song given back by
the hills.
A painter he was, I a model who sat to him. You under-
stand,
How I saw myself limned by his brush while I blushed at the
touch of his hand;
How I steadied myself like the marble, and posed as I thought
all the while
I would turn to that marble itself for some love in his answer-
ing smile.

So the fair weeks ran on, till one day he turned gaily toward
me and said:
"Those poor cheeks" (touching mine) "have grown paler
that once were so rosy and red.
I'm in holiday mood; let us go in a gondola down the lagoon
And see how this Venice of yours can gain magic from light
of the moon."
Gain magic, ah, me! how my pulses still beat at the thought
of that night
When we voyaged alone on the water enwrapped in the tender
moonlight.
Did his ear hear the beat of my heart, did his eyes see the
passion in mine,
That they softened when gazing upon me and flashed back an
answering sign?
Did he know that I loved him so well had he asked me to
leave him and lie
'Mid the dead 'neath the treacherous wave, I had gone at his
bidding to die?
Did he know that my love was a love that no lips and no lan-
guage could tell,
That with him my life was a heaven, without him the world
was a hell?

Then he spoke, and the words that he said were ineffably
tender and sweet,

And I keep them engraved on my heart—no, my father, I cannot repeat,
E'en under the seal of confession, what, when on the scaffold's dread stair,
With the flash of the axe in mine eyes, shall be last on my lips like a prayer.
And my answer—what need of reply, he could see it was there in my face,
I was his, soul and body, to love. So the halcyon days sped apace,
And my great love grew with them and his. Ah! he loved me at first I will swear,
But a man's vows are written on water, a man's words are traced upon air.
In good truth I was happy and saw, as the hours of delight flitted by,
No clouds overhanging our path, and no portent of storm in the sky.
Would to heaven I had died in those days of such trust and such exquisite bliss,
With belief in his love in my heart, and my lips yet on fire from his kiss.

One day passing Florian's café, and just on the fringe of the crowd,
Two young artists I knew sauntered past: quoth the elder one speaking aloud:
"So our Northerner marries." "Ah, yes," said the other; "she's wealthy and fair,
With the beauty the islanders praise, very pale, with the cold English stare
Of disdain of all others." "Quite so," said his friend; "and I hear they go home
After six or eight weeks (it's the fashion) of honeymoon dalliance at Rome."
"And what of Francesca, the model?—I thought there was something——" "Why, yes,"
Said the other, light laughing, "of course, but she won't break her heart." From the press

I broke out like a wild thing and fled I can scarcely tell how to my home,
With the words surging hot in my brain, "weeks of honeymoon dalliance in Rome."

Then methinks I was mad. Do you know how the lost angels felt when they fell
From their places in heaven to abysses of doom and the innermost hell?
Even so had I fallen I thought, and I cried with bent knees and bowed head,
"O God, strike again in Thy mercy! and number me straight with the dead!"
But death comes not to those who would fain make him welcome, and so, when at length
All my passion was past and the pain was there only, I garnered my strength
And went forth with a mighty resolve in my heart I would see her and pray
She would yield him to me, for I loved him, and since for this many a day
He had been mine alone, and my place was e'en now as of right by his side;
If she gave him not up in sheer pity, I had still higher hopes from her pride.

"And what would you with me?" she asked, and I saw at a look she was fair,
With a face pale as sea-foam, surrounded by marvelous nimbus of hair.
But cold eyes steely-blue and stern glance, and I knew from the lines of her mouth
She had all the ice of the north in her heart, and no fire of the south.
And I said, "I have come here to plead for my lost love; the man you have won
By your beauty and wealth, is to me as the light of our Italy's sun

To the flower, as the rain to parched earth, as the symbol divine
To the sinner; nay, more, by the right of first conquest your lover is mine."
"My lover," she said, and her voice was cold as the wintry wind;
"Will you tell me how he came to stoop e'en to look at a girl of your kind?
Leave me, wretch, and at once, lest my lackeys have orders to thrust you outside!
Yet stay, he is here, and shall answer this insult you put on his bride."

He strode in with one fierce glance at me, he went quickly to her, took her hand,
Kissed it humbly, then turning he said, "I confess I do not understand
What this means, nor your errand to one who has no part nor lot in your life.
Go, girl, for your presence pollutes the pure lady I win for my wife!"
I had come here to plead, but the speech died away on my lips as I heard,
While my heart turned to flame at their looks and each scornful and insolent word;
And my love became hate on that instant, so deep that my eyesight grew dim
With the blood to my brain, at the thought of her there in my place beside him.
And I reeled and had fallen, but steeled all my nerves and went forth, earth and sky
One black night before me; one thought at my heart—that the traitor should die.

My old nurse had furnished the drug, and I carried the dagger he gave
On one Carnival day as we shot in our gondola over the wave;

And I watched him go out, 'twas to her, and I stealthily entered his room,
Drugged the red wine, then patiently waited his coming at last to his doom.
Hours passed, but at length I could hear his impetuous step as of yore;
How my heart had beat high at the sound in the days that would come nevermore.
"You here!" he cried; and I made answer, "I came for I grieve we should part
In anger." Each word was a blood-drop outwrung from an agonized heart.
"That's right," he said lightly, "I'm glad that my little Francesca at last
Takes a sensible view and forgives." "Yes," I answered, "now drink to the past
In the wine of oblivion, and since you have won a great triumph, 'tis said,
Be the white wine for me and do you, the young victor, fill up with the red."
So we clinked glasses gaily and talked of old days till I saw his eyes grow dim,
And he said, "Is my wine grown so strong that one goblet will make my head swim?
I would fain sleep, Francesca," and then he lay down and he slept, and I knew
That the moment had come for the deed I had sworn to the heavens to do.
First I sent out his servant for *her*, and I watched him asleep e'er she came.
Did my fierce heart relent then? Ah, no! for in slumber his lips breathed her name,
And my hand gripped the dagger the firmer. In haste, then, she entered and said,
"Is he ill?" Then she saw me and shrank back. "No," I shrieked, "but the traitor is dead!"
And before her I drove the sharp point deep and true to his heart, and I cried:

"See there lies your bridegroom, my lady, that never will
welcome his bride!"

Am I penitent say you. No! no! Since my soul by the dead
man was slain,
Could he live, could he love, and once more prove as false—
I could kill him again.
Let me wait till he comes from where waves of the Lido play
round his grave-sod,
And we stand up together for judgment before the tribunal
of God!

THE MISER'S EXCUSE.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

John Overy, being upbraided by his daughter, Mary, for being a miser, excuses himself in the following dramatic speech.

OVERY. I have looked upon the world with eyes of manhood near twoscore years, and what have I seen? The weak smote down and goaded by the strong, virtue shivering in the winds, vice swathed in ermine, the knave's head plumed and glistening with diamonds, poor honesty shoeless and unbuttoned, he who would lick the hands of fools, or hum a lie within the ear of crime, clothed with the richest, fed with the best.

I saw this, and my heart grew hard, my eye sullen. I asked: "What is it gets up these mockeries of life, dividing man against man, placing fetters on the lowly and crowns upon the proud?" A thousand voices answered, "Gold! Gold!" The sound sunk deeply in my heart. I brooded o'er the word; every feeling, every sense, fell down and worshipped the new-found secret; and from that moment I became what I now am.

MARY. A grievous change!

OVERY. A goodly one. I am now the master! I might have been the slave.

HOW WE BEAT THE FAVORITE.

A. LINDSAY GORDON.

"AY, squire," said Stevens, "they back him at evens;
The race is all over, bar shouting, they say;
The Clown ought to beat her; Dick Neville is sweeter
Than ever—he swears he can win all the way.

"A gentleman rider—well, I'm an outsider,
But if he's a gent, who the mischief's a jock?
You swells mostly blunder; Dick rides for the plunder,
He rides, too, like thunder—he sits like a rock.

"He calls 'hunted fairly' a horse that has barely
Been stripped for a trot within sight of the hounds,
A horse that at Warwick beat Birdlime and Yorick,
And gave Abdelkader and Aintree nine pounds.

"They say we have no test to warrant a protest;
Dick rides for a lord and stands in with a steward;
The light of their faces they show him—his case is
Prejudged, and his verdict already secured.

"But none can outlast her, and few travel faster,
She strides in her work clean away from the Drag;
You hold her and sit her, she couldn't be fitter,—
Whenever you hit her she'll spring like a stag.

"And p'rhaps the green jacket, at odds though they back it,
May fall, or there's no knowing what may turn up.
The mare is quite ready, sit still and ride steady,
Keep cool, and I think you may just win the cup."

Dark-brown with tan muzzle, just stripped for the tussle.
Stood Iseult, arching her neck to the curb,
A lean head and fiery, strong quarters and wiry,
A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb.

Some parting injunction, bestowed with great unction,
  I tried to recall, but forgot like a dunce,
When Reginald Murray, full tilt on White Surrey,
  Came down in a hurry to start us at once.

"Keep back on the yellow! Come up on Othello!
  Hold hard on the chestnut! Turn round on the Drag.
Keep back there on Spartan! Back you, sir, in tartan!
  So, steady there, easy," and down went the flag.

We started, and Kerr made strong running on Mermaid,
  Through furrows that led to the first stake-and-bound;
The crack, half-extended, looked bloodlike and splendid,
  Held wide on the right where the headland was sound.

I pulled hard to baffle her rush with the snaffle,
  Before her two-thirds of the field got away,
All through the wet pasture, where floods of the last year
  Still loitered, they clotted my crimson with clay.

The fourth fence, a wattle, floored Monk and Bluebottle;
  The Drag came to grief at the blackthorn and ditch,
The rails toppled over Redoubt and Red Rover,
  The lane stopped Lycurgus and Leicestershire Witch.

She passed like an arrow Kildare and Cock Sparrow,
  And Mantrap and Mermaid refused the stone wall;
And Giles on the Greyling came down at the paling,
  And I was left sailing in front of them all.

I took them a burster, nor eased her nor nursed her
  Until the Black Bullfinch led into the plough,
And through the strong bramble we bored with a scramble—
  My cap was knocked off by the hazel-tree bough.

Where furrows looked lighter I drew the rein tighter—
  Her dark chest all dappled with flakes of white foam;
Her flanks mud bespattered, a weak rail she shattered—
  We landed on turf with our heads turned for home.

Then crashed a low binder, and then close behind her
  The sward to the strokes of the favorite shook;

His rush roused her mettle, yet ever so little
  She shortened her stride as we raced at the brook.

She rose when I hit her. I saw the stream glitter,
  A wide scarlet nostril flashed close to my knee;
Between sky and water the Clown came and caught her,
  The space that he cleared was a caution to see.

And forcing the running, discarding all cunning,
  A length to the front went the rider in green;
A long strip of stubble, and then the big double,
  Two stiff flights of rails with a quick-set between.

She raced at the rasper, I felt my knees grasp her,
  I found my hands give to her strain on the bit;
She rose when the Clown did—our silks as we bounded
  Brushed lightly, our stirrups clashed loud as we lit.

A rise steeply slooping, a fence with stone coping—
  The last—we diverged round the base of the hill;
His path was the nearer, his leap was the clearer,
  I flogged up the straight, and he led sitting still.

She came to his quarter, and on still I brought her,
  And up to his girth, to his breastplate she drew;
A short prayer from Neville just reached me, "The devil!"
  He muttered—locked level the hurdles we flew.

A hum of hoarse cheering, a dense crowd careering,
  All sights seen obscurely, all shouts vaguely heard;
"The green wins!" "The crimson!" The multitude swims on,
  And figures are blended and features are blurred.

"The horse is her master!" "The green forges past her!"
  "The Clown will outlast her!" "The Clown wins!" "The Clown!"
The white railing races with all the white faces,
  The chestnut outpaces, outstretches the brown.

On still past the gateway she strains in the straightway,
  Still struggles, "The Clown by a short neck at most!"

He swerves, the green scourges, the stand rocks and surges,
And flashes, and verges, and flits the white post.

Ay! so ends the tussle!—I knew the tan muzzle
Was first, though the ring-men were yelling "Dead heat!"
A nose I could swear by, but Clarke said, "The mare by
A short head." And that's how the favorite was beat.

A PEASANT HEROINE.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

A LITTLE peasant maiden, scarce thirteen summers old,
Yet in her veins there ran the blood of saints and heroes bold,
And in the Book of Life her name is writ in lines of gold.

'Twas in the dreary winter, when the snow lay thick and white,
Two children sat beside the hearth in flick'ring firelight,
While round the lonely house the wind went moaning through the night;

Two sturdy peasant children, who kept their watch alone,
For the elders to the village a few miles off had gone—
Sedate, housewifely little Reine, and seven-year-old Antoine.

They sat and talked together in happy, childish glee,
The boy his curly head at rest against his sister's knee,
And Reine told stories while she plied her needles busily.

But hark! What sound comes up the wind, from the great plain beneath?
The children started to their feet, and listening held their breath—
And then the two young faces turned as pale, as pale as death!

"The wolves! It is the horrid wolves!" Reine sprang toward the door,
With trembling hands she drew the bolt more closely than before;
"Oh, Antoine, pile the logs up high, and make them blaze yet more!"

With red glare on the gleaming snow, shone out the leaping flame,
But at the door the howling pack with frantic clamor came;
They shook it with their savage claws—it trembled in its frame!

The children clung together in mortal agony
There was no succor nigh at hand, no place for them to fly—
A crazy plank between them stood and the death that they must die!

"Oh, dear Lord, save my brother!" the elder sister prayed;
And then she started to her feet and felt no more afraid,
For quick as light a sudden thought flashed on the little maid.

The press beside the fire! if she could reach up there—
There was just room enough for *one*, but not an inch to spare!
She seized her brother in her arms and struggled on a chair.

Outside the beasts were clamoring with howlings yet more wild,
Into the dark but safe recess, she thrust the frightened child;
She turned the key and 'gainst the bars, some heavy logs she piled.

'Twas done! The deed of rescue—it scarce was safely o'er,
When with a groaning, awful crash fell down the rotten door—
The wolves rushed in! Did angels weep to see such suffering sore?

At last the village is astir, the wolves are all at bay,
Forth from the little house they rushed and left their senseless prey;

While after them with gun and spear men track their desperate way.

Across the blood-stained threshold the frantic parents go;
And then upon the frosty air rings out a wail of woe—
As by the little mangled form, the awful truth they know.

They clasped their other darling, "But Reine, our Reine," they cried—
And then the little sobbing lad tells how she made him hide,
And, face to face with hideous death, stood gallantly outside!

But still throughout the country, her name is honored long,
And the village people chant her praise in native rhyme and song,
And tell about the quenchless love that made her heart so strong.

BESS.

ALFRED T. CHANDLER.

EH? Why am I keeping that old crippled mare?
She ought to be shot? Come, now, steady, lad, there!
I keep her because she is crippled—that's why.
Not much of a reason? Well, that I deny.

You see she was run in a test that was rough,
And did what no man could have done—that's enough!
But come down to the paddock, and let me relate
How Bess, through sheer courage, fell down at the gate.

In seventy-one—yes, sir, that was the year,
My Mary and I had selected round here;
Those farms on the flat then were sheep walks, I guess,
For we first invaded the lone wilderness.

We'd only been wed for a twelvemonth or so,
Were happy and hopeful, like lovers, you know;

And then came a cherub one warm summer morn—
'Twas death or a doctor when "Stranger" was born!

I trembled with fear as I saw my love lie,
For help was away where earth touched the sky;
Some thirty miles there and some thirty miles back,
Through swamps and through mallee, with scarcely a track.

I sprang to the back of that bonny old mare,
And felt, without uttering, a sort of a prayer.
One look at my Mary, and off then we sped,
Straightway at a gallop—I gave Bess her head.

The sun had just reached yon northern hill's crown,
And we'd to get back before he had gone down;
A life was depending on that, maybe two,
And Bess seemed to know it as forward she flew.

Ten miles of good pacing without a mishap,
Brought Willoughby's Bridge and Victoria Gap,
When right on ahead there I saw, to my woe,
The scrub was all smoking, the forest aglow!

'Twas straight through or round it—an hour or a day—
But time was too precious, so fear fled away;
I spoke to Bess cheerily, called her by name.
Then started to rush through the region of flame.

We soon were amidst it—her strides never broke
Through fierce flying curtains of thick, sultry smoke,
Through falling of timber and cracking of boughs,
Through showers of sparks and my muttering of vows!

Bess struggled for love—aye, the noblest of strife—
While I urged her onward for love and for life;
We passed through a miracle—'tis now like a dream,
But God somehow guides when the danger's extreme.

Then two creeks we passed where the bottoms were stiff,
And rose on the ranges at Robertson's cliff;
Away on the plain, where the rivers turned south,
I saw my one hope with my heart in my mouth.

Ere noon we ran into the little bush town,
And Bess was so heated, I watered her down,
Then sought out the doctor, and stammered with pain,
In telling my message—then sped off again.

He rode a stout pony—a deep iron grey,
And made a hand-gallop from first right away,
A long line of dust marked our journey behind,
As eight clattering hoof-strokes sent thuds on the wind.

Some fifteen miles' racing, still Bess onward pressed,
Though snow-flakes had whitened her flanks and her breast;
I patted and coaxed her, and told her my fears,
She galloped on gamely, and flickered her ears.

But flush as we came to the bush fire with speed,
The grey pony stopped and declined to proceed;
Persuasions both gentle and sterner were vain,
He wouldn't face flames, and he put it quite plain.

And then in the throes of my anxious distress,
I handed the doctor my noble mare Bess;
Away they went, flying through danger and heat,
When reckless, though scared, the cob followed as fleet.

We got through that hell looking burnt-up and brown,
And pulled at the gate ere the sun had gone down.
Well, Mary was saved, but the mare she was done,
And fell at the end of the race she had won!

We nursed her for months, and we watched her with care,
For gratitude gets to be purer than prayer.
Though paralyzed then into maimed helplessness,
We'll love her forever, our bonny mare Bess!

Yon colt is her foal, and that lad on his back
Is "Stranger" or "Cherub"—we now call him Jack.
A beautiful pair? Well, that colt is worth ten;
I'd sooner trust him than my own fellowmen.

AN OAK IN A STORM.

ABRAHAM DREYFUS.

[From *Romance*, by permission.]

[This ingenious combination of monologue and pantomime was given by Mrs. Agnes Booth and M. Coquelin during the season of 1890-91. It is not possible to indicate the shades of expression that belong to the pantomime. These must be left to the intelligence of the actor. He should, however, be warned that the audience must not take Monsieur for a mute, but for a man whose speech is continually cut off by the volubility of his wife.]

Characters. { MONSIEUR. MADAME.

SCENE:—Boudoir; fireplace in the background; doors right and left; two easy chairs by the fire, lounge in the left foreground; small table at right, on which is water, glass, bowl of sugar.

MADAME [*seated near the fire, holding in her hand some embroidery at which she works with feverish energy. After a few moments she looks at the clock. In a dull voice*]. Eleven o'clock! [*A pause. In a voice slightly hysterical.*] Eleven o'clock! [*Sounds of steps without. She gives a sigh of relief.*] Ah! At last! [*Takes up work again.*]

[MONSIEUR *enters gaily and advances to greet his wife with outstretched arms.* MADAME *does not budge. She has not raised her eyes, but works steadily.* MONSIEUR *stops and looks at his wife uneasily. But she seems calm, even if she has not noticed him. Ah, she has not heard him come in.* MONSIEUR *smiles, and going softly behind her, starts to kiss her on the neck, when she draws herself up to her full height, and looks at him with scorn.* MONSIEUR, *stupefied, steps toward her.*]

MADAME [*stepping backward*]. Do not touch me, sir!

MONSIEUR [*attempts to speak*].———

MADAME. Do not touch me! [*Starts toward the door of her room.*]

MONSIEUR [*follows her with his eyes*].———

MADAME [*at the door of her room, solemnly*]. After to-day there is nothing more between us. [*Goes into her room.*]

[MONSIEUR *advances quickly toward her, but the door shuts on his nose. He is astounded. What has happened? Is his wife angry, or is this a joke? He begins to laugh. Then to*

reassure himself he listens at the door. He hears nothing. Decidedly this is serious; there is thunder in the air. Very well. Here goes for a storm. This is not the first he has seen. The best thing is to let it blow over. Goes to the fire-place, warms his feet, first one, then the other, rubbing his hands together vigorously; then takes a newspaper, and throwing himself on the lounge, begins it with great deliberation.]

MADAME [*comes out of her room and places herself before* MONSIEUR]. Do you think I am going to stand this sort of thing?

MONSIEUR [*very much surprised*].———

MADAME. Do you think that after waiting all evening for you I am going to stop all by myself in a room without fire, while you are here leisurely warming your feet and reading your paper?

MONSIEUR [*starts to get up*].———

MADAME. Sit still, I beg of you. It would disturb me very much to incommode you. I can understand that after five hours away from your home you have need of rest.

MONSIEUR [*attempts to answer*].———

MADAME. I regret only that I was obliged to sit up for you. If I had known that you would not come home until after midnight——

MONSIEUR [*looks at the clock*].———

MADAME. I beg your pardon, that clock is at least an hour slow. It is now half-past twelve.

MONSIEUR [*looks at his watch*].———

MADAME. But that is all the same to you. What do you care for that? You would as lief come in at two o'clock, at three o'clock, at six o'clock in the morning!

MONSIEUR [*tries to protest*].———

MADAME. An orgy more or less, what is that to you?

MONSIEUR [*still tries to protest*].———

MADAME. Oh, I know you! I know your capabilities when once you are launched in the——

MONSIEUR [*smiles*].———

MADAME. Oh, you smile! Mockery suits the life you are living. It is one grace the more to your cynicism, your depravity; it is the highest touch of elegance.

MONSIEUR [*surveys himself*].———

MADAME. And without doubt you have triumphed. How many hearts have you enchained to your chariot?

MONSIEUR [*looks foolish*].———

MADAME. And were there many women at this dinner of men?

MONSIEUR [*repulses the thought*].———

MADAME. I know what you would say—a banquet of tariff reformers, was it not? All learned, all married men, only truly good men, presided over by an octogenarian. They would have liked to have had their wives,—but it is against the rules. What a pity! These ladies would have been in good company; they would have laughed with you, drunk with you. How gay it would have been, this dinner of tariff reformers!

MONSIEUR.———

MADAME. It has not been lively? How sad for you! You love a good time. You help furnish it on occasion.

MONSIEUR [*modestly*].———

MADAME. At least, so I am told; for my part I have never perceived——

MONSIEUR [*protesting*].———

MADAME. You keep your amiability for others.

MONSIEUR [*smiling, approaches her*].———

MADAME [*passing before him*]. No, sir! No! Return to your friends. I disdain any attempt to rival them. I am only your wife. I have not the happiness of being thin enough to please your taste.

MONSIEUR [*holds up his hands*].———

MADAME. One must now be thin—a cloud, a vapor.

MONSIEUR [*lets them drop hopelessly*].———

MADAME. Oh, I know your tastes now. Anyone can divine them easily. It is sufficient only to have seen Madame Tourimel to know that what you admire is a bundle of rags.

MONSIEUR.———

MADAME. And this person dares to come to my house!

MONSIEUR [*softly*].———

MADAME. Yes, get angry! It is revolting, astounding;

how can I give tongue to such an accusation? M. Tourimel, is he not your best friend? You were at the same college, you belong to the same administration, you were his best man. Yes, and you continue your interest in his domestic affairs. What more natural?

MONSIEUR [*reconciles himself*].———

MADAME. Only I ought not to conceal from you, my dear, that your lunching there as frequently as you do naturally excites remark.

MONSIEUR.———

MADAME. Oh, without doubt you have a good reason. M. Tourimel lives near the office. You have not time to come home to lunch, so you go home with Tourimel. Nothing more simple. If people will talk——

MONSIEUR.———

MADAME. You know very well that I am not one of those women who run the streets from morning till night. I stay at home. I——

[*Up to this point* MADAME *has not ceased speaking. She has launched her phrases without a pause. But with this last sentence*, "I stay at home. I——" *she stops to breathe.* MONSIEUR, *thinking she has finished, and that it is his turn, makes ready.*]

MONSIEUR [*opening his mouth*].———

MADAME [*begins again*]. If it pleases Monsieur Tourimel to keep open house, he is free to do it. Everyone governs his house as he will.

MONSIEUR [*discouraged*].———

MADAME. But how does he sustain such luxury? That is between his conscience and himself. How he can provide his wife with such magnificent toilettes is more than I know.

MONSIEUR.———

MADAME. Ah, my dear, I only say what is said everywhere. Madame Tourimel is very elegant for the daughter of an old drummer.

MONSIEUR [*surprised*].———

MADAME. Yes, of an old drummer. I have seen him. It was he who used to bring my father tickets for the concerts

of the National Guard. I have these tickets. I can show them to you any time.

MONSIEUR.———

MADAME. You do not believe me. I can understand that. It would profane your ideal. The aureole that surrounds this goddess must not be sullied.

MONSIEUR [*annoyed*].———

MADAME. Ah, pardon! I did not know you were so susceptible. In future I will try not to allude to Madame Tourimel. All that she does will be perfect. She may take from me the heart of my husband, she may take the father from his children, she may bring ruin and despair into this once happy home, and I will not complain; I will say nothing. I will find all this very natural, very just, very honest——

MONSIEUR.———

MADAME. Is this sufficient? Are you content with this act of abnegation, or must I go and throw myself at the feet of Madame Tourimel and beg her to accept the devotion of my husband?

MONSIEUR [*at this point* MONSIEUR *begins to speak, but stops and contents himself with shrugging his shoulders and turning his back*].

MADAME. So! You take yourself off.. It is better to do that when you have nothing to say.

MONSIEUR [*turns again*].———

MADAME. What have you to say in your defence?

MONSIEUR.———

MADAME. Nothing. You have nothing to say. You cannot find a word; not a word. Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!

MONSIEUR [*goes toward her*].———

MADAME. Very well. Here I am. Strike me.

MONSIEUR [*stupefied*].———

MADAME. Yes, strike me!

MONSIEUR.———

MADAME. What prevents you? You are the strongest. You are master here. Oh, have no fear! I will not defend myself.

MONSIEUR [*again thinks he will speak; but what can he say? The best thing he can do is to go away. That is what he will do. He starts toward the door*].

MADAME. Ah, you have concluded not to strike me. You perhaps fear I will call for help.

MONSIEUR [*goes back again*].———

MADAME. You are wrong. I shall not expose the secrets of the fireside. I am not a person to make a market of scandal, or who will profit by shame.

MONSIEUR [*decides not to answer*].———

MADAME [*repeating*]. Profit.

MONSIEUR [*looks at the ceiling*].

MADAME [*furious*]. Do you not know it?

MONSIEUR [*takes a paper and sits down before the fire*].

MADAME. Ah, you are determined not to speak? You read your papers? That is the easiest way out of it. [*She goes toward him.*] There are men who would have cared enough to justify themselves; who, seeing their wives suffering, unhappy, tormented—wrong perhaps! but suffering very cruelly—who would have tried to reassure them by an affectionate word, a friendly gesture, a compassionate look. Is it so difficult to feel for those who love you?

MONSIEUR [*moved, lets his paper fall*].———

MADAME. What, then, is it that I ask? Only to tell me where you went after the banquet—if there really was a banquet.

MONSIEUR [*eagerly*].———

MADAME. Yes, very well, I will admit that there was; but you must allow that it is strange that you did not get home until after midnight——

MONSIEUR [*endeavors to speak*].———

MADAME. Very well, I will say midnight, when the banquet was over at nine o'clock, or half-past nine at the latest.

MONSIEUR [*again essays to speak*].———

MADAME. You yourself said so.

MONSIEUR [*again tries*].———

MADAME. I am astonished.

MONSIEUR.———

MADAME. I question.

MONSIEUR.———

MADAME [*bursting into tears*]. You do not wish to tell me. [*Falls weeping on to the lounge.*]

MONSIEUR [*looks at her pityingly*].

MADAME. Ah, mother! mother! You said that one day your child would have tears to weep.

MONSIEUR [*overwhelmed*].———

MADAME. Ah, this is nothing. It is only the beginning of my unhappiness.

MONSIEUR [*approaching her*].———

MADAME [*repulsing him*]. Leave me! I have no need of your hypocritical consolation. You wanted me to weep. I weep. What would you have more?

MONSIEUR [*is at the end of his patience. He walks up and down the room*].

MADAME. Oh, I am very ridiculous, am I not? Is it because I am crying? I suppose I ought to accustom myself to the situation. How many women there are who are neglected by their husbands and who live none the less tranquilly! All marriages cannot be broken up because wives are neglected. Ours was the occasion of so many happy circumstances. Everybody rejoiced—except my poor old Aunt Rosalie. She saw clearly.

MONSIEUR [*is before the mantel, his back to the audience. At this last word he turns*].———

MADAME. Yes, sir, she saw distinctly, notwithstanding her eighty-five years. She said to me, "My child, strengthen yourself. You are marrying a man who is too knowing."

MONSIEUR [*protesting*].———

MADAME. You appeared too knowing. A man who has made himself talked about as a young man who brings into his household the habits of dissipation and misconduct——

MONSIEUR [*for some moments has shown signs of impatience more and more energetic. At the word* "misconduct" *he breaks a wooden paper-knife that he has found on the mantel*].

MADAME. You understand; you can only break things. That is your way of answering.

MONSIEUR [*is about to break out. But no, he will not permit himself to give way to anger. He feels that he will stifle. In order to calm himself he goes to the table and pours out a glass of water*].

MADAME. Ah, you are thirsty. That is not strange, after the dinner this evening.

MONSIEUR [*puts it to his lips, but changes his mind, and taking some sugar makes a glass of eau sucrée*].

MADAME. Well, really, a little sugar, and now some orange-flower water; very good that; it will sustain you.

MONSIEUR [*tastes his glass silently*].

MADAME [*furiously*]. I would thank you when you wish to drink *eau sucrée* not to prepare it in my boudoir.

MONSIEUR [*having drunk, wipes his lips silently*].

MADAME [*exasperated*]. The other day you let some drops of syrup fall on the velvet of my *prie-Dieu*.

MONSIEUR [*with an airof polite but cold regret places the glass on table*].

MADAME [*explosively*]. I need my *prie-Dieu* more than ever. What would become of me if I could not pray? Thanks to heaven! I have not been taught to despise the solace of my religion, and you shall never force me to it.

MONSIEUR [*smiling*].———

MADAME. Oh, I know your theories. It is those which have led you to forget in turn your duties and to abandon your family, as you have abandoned religion, as you have abandoned morality.

MONSIEUR [*resigned to everything, is silent*].

MADAME [*quickly*]. What did you say?

MONSIEUR [*immovable*].———

MADAME. Yes, smile, Monsieur Free Thinker. You can never make me forget the lessons of my mother. And my mother was a very intelligent woman. Do you hear?

MONSIEUR [*shrugging his shoulders*].———

MADAME. Do you doubt it? Ah, but one thing was wanting—this insult to my mother!

MONSIEUR [*raising his arms to heaven*].

MADAME [*sobbing*]. And what day have you chosen for

this! The day that my family always celebrated, and in which I recall all the sweet joys of my childhood—my birthday!

MONSIEUR [*looks at his wife as if overwhelmed*].———

MADAME. Yes, this is the day of Saint Félicie, and you never remembered it.

MONSIEUR.———

MADAME. Admit that you never thought of it—never thought of it!

MONSIEUR [*wants to speak*].———

MADAME. Stop, don't speak! It is not necessary to prevaricate.

MONSIEUR [*looks at the audience as if to take them to witness; then he turns to his wife smiling*].———

MADAME. Eh, what! What have you there? Speak!

MONSIEUR [*still silent, takes out of his pocket a case that he opens and hands to his wife*].———

MADAME. A bracelet! For me? [*Examines it, reading aloud the inscription.*] "Félicie." That is why you were so late. [*Effusively.*] Ah, dear Charles, how kind you are! How I love you! [*Throws herself upon his neck.*]

CURTAIN.

THE CLOWN'S LAMENT.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

WHAT has become of your fun and frivolity?
Where is the laughter that lifted the roof?
Gone are the highest of jinks and of jollity,
Holiday spirits are under the proof!
Where is the merriment blue devils banishing,
Sending a thrill through the heart of the town?
Gone with old friends everlastingly vanishing—
This is the weary lament of the clown!

Pantomime past, can we never recover it,
  See it again in its glory alive?
If under downtrodden grass we discover it,
  Who will have faith in the past to revive?
Is there no magic once more to restore to us
  Laughter of little ones? childhood of man?
Can it be true that sweet fancy's a bore to us?
  Who placed the fairy tales under a ban?

Ah! for the days when the curtain unclosed to us
  Regions of mystery, demon and sprite!
Who can forget how all fairyland posed to us,
  Some in pink tarlatan, others in white!
Those were the times when the giant's voice stormed to us
  Out of a mask of Dykwynkyn renown;
Happy the hour when the fairy transformed to us
  Silly young farmer to jolly old clown!

Then came a voice pealing out from the gallery,
  "Give us, old friend, of '*Hot Codlins*' a taste.
'*Tippitiwitchet!*'—it's all in your salary—
  Tip us a stave, you old rascal! make haste!"
Who could be weary when slides were a-buttering?
  Days of hot poker and sausage galore!
Out, neck and crop, they'd have turned a fool muttering,
  "Don't you think Harlequinades are a bore?"

If it be true that *mutantur* our *tempora*,
  That *nos et mutamur in illis* as well,
'Twere better to call for a halter of hemp or a
  Gallows to strangle the past as a sell!
Tradition lies dead, with a pall for a covering
  Of satins and silks and fantastic brocade;
But over its gorgeous bier there are hovering
  Ghosts of delight that new fashion has laid!

Where is the end to this jewelled magnificence,
  Gorgeous processions, and money in heaps?
Cannot a pantomime fairy's beneficence

Change it as quick as a Harlequin leaps?
Is there no hope that, remote as a star away,
The dynasty banished will rule us again?
Recalling our vanished companions from far away,
That innocent laughter may ring through the Lane!

One cheer for the past, when its perfume is tossed to us!
Grimaldi and Flexmore, their spirits are free;
But the soul of pure pantomime never is lost to us,
When merry Tom Matthews lives down by the sea!
So in bumpers of port that is nutty and nourishing,
Let us toast to their names and their deathless renown,
And in days when the last of the Paynes is still flourishing,
Let us claim a reprieve for the jolly old clown!

UNOFFICIAL.

E. NESBIT.

ONE morning my heart can remember,
I sat dreaming there,
In the "governor's" chair,
In the office. The month was November,
And the weather a theme for despair.

My mind strayed through visions unbounded—
Far off seemed the din
That King William Street's in,
And the quill of the "junior" sounded
Like the squeak of an elf's violin.

I was roused with a start; someone entered.
Though ground glass divide
Off the sanctum inside,
The star where my homage was centred
In the office without I descried.

Oh, kind fate, to bring me my Kitty!
  The boy I can send
  At the Bank to attend.
One partner's just gone from the city
  And the other is at the West End.

"Change two pounds, boy, for three-penny pieces!
  And there isn't a franc
  In the place! I will thank
You to take down those coupons from Creasy's
  To the London and Westminster Bank."

He is gone! This can never be Kitty,
  Alone here with me;
  This can never be she
Laughing here in the heart of the city,
  With the old office cat on her knee!

"I hope, Will," she says, "you are stronger,
  And I hope it's not true
  Work is injuring you:
And I'd better not stay any longer
  As you seem to have so much to do!"

But she does not go yet. Still she lingers
  And deed-box and press
  Are brushed by her dress,
While the desk feels inquisitive fingers,
  In a touch that is half a caress!

Now, dreary and quiet the place is;
  Here's the space on the floor
  I remember of yore
Which was brushed by her ribbons and laces,
  As she smiled her "good-bye" at the door.

The violets she wore in her bosom,
  So scented, dew-wet,
  Are hard to forget;
The dim office grew fair with each blossom,
  And their fragrance seems haunting it yet.

I'm in partnership now with old Bradley;
  His brother is dead,
  So I stand at the head
Of affairs; and I'm thinking thus sadly
  Of the sweetness of days that have fled.

My Sydenham house—all that's in it,
  My life, with its dower
  Of financial power,
I would give them all up in a minute,
  To recall from those days but one hour!

Lost light of my life, little Kitty!
  Too late now, too late;
  But I'd give my estate
To be once more a clerk in the city,
  In the office with you, tête-à-tête!

A ROMANCE IN THE ROUGH.

ARTHUR PATCHETT MARTIN.

A STURDY fellow, with a sunburnt face,
  And thews and sinews of a giant mould;
A genial mind, that harbored nothing base—
  A pocket void of gold.

The rival's years were fifty at the least,
  Withered his skin and wrinkled as a crone;
But day by day his worldly goods increased,
  Till great his wealth had grown.

And she, the lady of this simple tale,
  Was tall, and straight, and beautiful to view;
Even a poet's burning words would fail
  To paint her roseate hue.

The suitors came, the old one and the young,
  Each with fond words her fancy to allure.

For which of them would marriage bells be rung—
The rich one or the poor ?

She liked the young one, with his winning ways,
He seemed designed to be her future mate;
Besides, in novels and romantic plays
Love has a youthful gait.

But well she knew that poverty was hard,
And humble household cares not meant for her;
Nor cared she what the sentimental bard
Might warble or infer.

She made her choice, the wedding-bells rang clear;
The aged bridegroom figured in the *Times*.
The young man, after some superfluous beer,
Went forth to foreign climes.

And this is all I ever chanced to know,
Told by my mate while digging on the Creek,
Who ended with his handsome face aglow,
And with a verse in Greek.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

THE bridal is over, the joy-bells have ceased,
The cup of kind wishes has passed at the feast,
The friends of the bride and the bridegroom retire—
And leave them alone with their mother and sire.

Not a word do they speak, though the time hurries by;
They breathe not a blessing, they heave not a sigh;
Ere the sun—just at noon—slants a shadow, they part,
And "tick, tick," goes the clock—like a throb of the heart.

With closed lids sits the mother: the shade of a smile
Flits over her lips; and intently, the while,
The eyes of the bride on the woodbine branch rest,
As its waving kept time to the pulse in her breast.

A sweet pain thrills the breast of the husband; he knows
How much to the maid who has blessed him he owes;
To and fro walks the father and hums a glad strain,
Which stops short like a wave that seeks ocean again.

Then strides to the window and prates of the weather:
"Why, the day seems quite blithe to have joined ye together!
But I know on long journeys what harass one feels,.
Fill the glass ere you start. Hush!"—The sound of the wheels!

Then, bowed by the grief she no longer could smother,
With clasped hands sank the child at the knees of her mother,
While the buds in her tresses are bathed in a shower,
More holy than e'er gemmed the cups of a flower.

Cries the father: "No folly! tears could not flow faster
If the joy of this day were a fatal disaster."
But, even as he spoke, his accents were trembling,
Kind heart! he but little was skilled in dissembling.

She flew to his arms—extended they caught her;
She clings to his bosom: "My darling, my daughter,
My jewel, my bird, my sweet fount undefiled!"
Then quivered his lips and he wept like a child.

He turns to the bridegroom: "My rose, which for years
I have fostered with smiles and watered with tears,
I transplant from its soil; in thine should it thrive,
'Tis the sunshine of love that must keep it alive.

"To consecrate, honor, and sweeten thy life,
I give thee—I give thee—the faith of a wife;
Thou shalt cherish and shield her in good and in ill."
She springs to her husband: "My father, he will!"

An adieu, an embrace! the door opens, they're gone;
To the new world before them their steeds hurry on.
All the blessings that parents can pray for attend them,
And His love, who is more than a parent, befriend them.

LOVE'S LETTER-BOX.

HELEN J. WOOD.

BELOW there in the orchard,
A hundred years agone,
The blossom bloomed so sweetly,
The sun as brightly shone.

And once, in the warm spring sunshine,
The hollow walnut tree
Leaned down with its whispering branches,
And told its tale to me.

'Twas all of a dainty maiden,
With eyes of the skies' own blue,
Who trusted the gnarlèd walnut
With words for the lover true.

And whene'er she dropped a letter
In the hollow trunk and grey,
"Oh, walnut tree, keep my secret!"
She would kiss his leaves and say.

But, late in the waning summer,
One last little letter lay
Unclaimed in the old tree's bosom,
Desolate day by day.

He came not, and still he came not,
And never a word she spake,
As she stole through the flowering grasses
And wept as her heart would break.

There lay the small white letter,
That the old tree held so fast,
And the maiden's cheeks grew paler
As the weary weeks went past.

Then the old tree questioned the blackbird,
And the swallow slim and gay,

And they said, "He is sleeping, sleeping,
  On a seashore far away.

"His face is as white as a lily's
  As he lieth alone—apart,
With a sword-hilt in his fingers,
  And a sword-thrust through his heart."

The lassie is dead and gone, dear,
  Dead with that summer's dew;
But her tale that the old tree told me,
  I tell it again to you.

MY LOVER.

I CARE not how you have been blest—
  No maiden ever yet possessed
  A lover like my lover.
His eyes were of a dancing blue;
His chestnut hair was just the hue
  That flecks the golden plover.

'Twas on a dreamy night in June,
When earth and heaven throbbed in tune,
  When first he told his passion.
Together we were sauntering down
The lovely road that led to town,
  In most romantic fashion.

He took my hand in his, and placed
His other arm about my waist;
  His heart went clicky-clacket.
And midst an incoherent flow
Of protestations deep and low,
  He pressed me to—his jacket.

I eight-and-twenty years had seen,
And Johnny was not quite thirteen;

Yet justice I must render;
'Mid all the swains I've had since then—
And some of them were charming men—
I ne'er had one more tender.

He swore he loved me more than life;
He'd die if I were not his wife;
I was his only jewel;
He dreamed of me by day and night;
I was his sun, his star, his light—
In fact, all kinds of fuel.

I dared not let him see the smile
That glimmered on my lips the while
He madly was entreating;
For worlds I would not cause to smart
The honest, manly little heart
That in his breast was beating.

Then he—ah! cunning little Jack—
Rehearsed a speech from Telemaque—
A fact he did not mention;
While I, with half-averted face,
Kept listening with the utmost grace,
And most profound attention.

He wished to fly to some far isle
Where summer skies forever smile,
And fruits were in profusion;
And there, away from haunts of men
We'd live the golden age again,
In exquisite seclusion.

The sun of love our days should gild,
And stalwart he would straightway build
A beautiful pavilion;
And we would live on deer and fish,
With grapes as much as we could wish,
And kisses by the million.

I listened gravely to his plan—
The loving, noble, little man—
  So earnest and so funny;
Then hinted that to reach this haunt
Of wedded bliss, why, we might want
  A little ready money.

The blow was fatal. Johnny's face
Grew lengthy at a fearful pace,
  And silently we parted.
I went my way; he went to bed,
Revolving finance in his head,
  And nearly broken-hearted.

I need not say we did not fly
To that eternal summer sky,
  So far across the water.
I hear no more his heart's click-clack,
For I, in short, may say that Jack
  Is married to my daughter.

HIS GUIDING STAR.

FRANCIS W. MOORE.

[A ball-room. In a dim recess, apart, there stands a gloomy individual, of middle age, who scowls sardonically on the brilliant scene. To him enters an excited youth, with his hair disordered and a rumpled tie, who gazes wildly for a time on the circling crowd, then frantically smites his forehead, and relieves his pent-up soul in speech.]

LISTEN! thou moody, melancholy guest,
  In customary suit of solemn black,
Who glowerest thus, with brooding, bilious brow,
Upon the waltzing, whirligigging throng!
Dost thou descry yon fairest of the fair?
Yon peerless paragon, so modestly arrayed,
In shimmering raiment of a skim-milk tint?

Dost thou behold yon beauteous blonde in blue?
Says he, "I do!"

Thou dost? Then say! would not her single glance,
Allure thee to essay the undoable?
To catch the music of her silvery voice,
Would it not thrill thee to the very soul?
Could earth afford a task thou'dst not attempt
To win the guerdon of her radiant smile?
Or but to press those tiny finger-tips,
Wouldst thou not madly dare, and gladly die?
Says he, "Not I!"

Insensible! Whose adamantine heart
With unaccelerated throb doth see perfection!
Thou dull-eyed dolt! Thou leather-headed lout!
Unmoved by charms that with a goddess vie!
Oh, that I knew her heaven-recorded name,
That I might breathe it in my orisons!
Who is my dearest, darling, dainty one?
Who is the sweet divinity who holds my life?
Says he, "My wife!"

A LOST LETTER.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

[Extract from a letter picked up on Margate Pier "I am so sorry you are obliged to go away to-day. You do not know how much I care to be with you. You are so different from other men, so kind to me. If I had known a man like you years ago, I might have been a better woman."]

JUST read this letter, old friend of mine!
I picked it up on Margate Pier,
In a riotous round of women and wine:
'Twas blotted and blurred with a fallen tear.
Come, think one minute of years ago,
When the chance was with us—a soul to save;

The whim was in us to love, you know,
  But the woman she fell to a fool or knave.

'Tis easy to picture the tortured heart
  That faced despair and a grief like this
She saw her lover unloved depart,
  And turned again to a hateful kiss.
"Had I been loved by a man like you"—
  O weary woman! O fearful fate!
'Tis a passionate cry; but it strikes us through,
  Who sigh too soon, but who love too late.

Who was the woman? I seem to trace
  Her footprints here in Vanity Fair;
A mother, perchance, with an earnest face:
  A wife with a glory of Titian hair;
A soul perplexed, and a faith at stake;
  A life nigh lost—there are thousands such
Who face the world, when their heartstrings break,
  For the one kind word and the tender touch!

Who was the man? What matter at all?
  'Tis man who ruins and sows the tears!
'Tis men who tempt, but women who fall,
  And are never absolved in the deathless years.
The least we can do, O brothers! is this:
  Whilst love is with us, and life seems down;
We can soothe the sad with a gentle kiss,
  And dry the eyes that our sins may drown.

Go back, lost letter of wild despair,
  I will cast you forth on the infinite sea;
But the day glides on, and the Margate air
  Is piercing sweet to the world and me.
But still I can never forget—can you?—
  Her cry that nothing can soothe or cease:
"Had I been loved by a man like you,
  I had lived far better, and died in peace!"

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

J. M. BARRIE.

THE courting of T'nowhead's Bell reached its crisis one Sabbath. The minister was in great force that day, but it is no part of mine to tell how he bore himself. I was there, and am not likely to forget the scene.

Bell was not in the kirk. There being an infant of six months in the house, it was a question of either Lisbeth or the lassie's staying at home with him, and though Lisbeth was unselfish in a general way, she could not resist the delight of going to church. She had nine children besides the baby, and being but a woman, it was the pride of her life to march them into the T'nowhead pew, so well watched that they dared not misbehave, and so tightly packed that they could not fall. The congregation looked at that pew, the mothers enviously, when they sang the lines,

> "Jerusalem like a city is
> Compactly built together."

The first half of the service had been gone through on this particular Sunday without anything remarkable happening. It was at the end of the psalm which preceded the sermon that Sanders Elshioner, who sat near the door, lowered his head until it was no higher than the pews, and in that attitude, looking almost like a four-footed animal, slipped out of the church. In their eagerness to be at the sermon many of the congregation did not notice him, and those who did put the matter by in their minds for future investigation. Sam'l, however, could not take it so coolly. From his seat in the gallery he saw Sanders disappear, and his mind misgave him. With the true lover's instinct he understood it all. Sanders had been struck by the fine turn-out in the T'nowhead pew. Bell was alone at the farm. What an opportunity to work one's way up to a proposal! T'nowhead was so overrun with children that such a chance seldom occurred, except on a Sabbath.

Sanders, doubtless, was off to propose, and he, Sam'l, was left behind.

The suspense was terrible. Sam'l and Sanders had both known all along that Bell would take the first of the two who asked her. Even those who thought her proud admitted that she was modest. Bitterly the weaver repented having waited so long. Now it was too late. In ten minutes Sanders would be at T'nowhead; in an hour all would be over. Sam'l rose to his feet in a daze. His mother pulled him down by the coat-tail, and his father shook him, thinking he was walking in his sleep. He tottered past them, however, hurried up the aisle, and was gone before the minister could do more than stop in the middle of a word and gape in horror after him.

A number of the congregation felt that day the advantage of sitting in the loft. What was a mystery to those downstairs was revealed to them. From the gallery windows they had a fine open view to the south; and as Sam'l took the common, which was a short cut though a steep ascent to T'nowhead, he was never out of their line of vision. Sanders was not to be seen, but they guessed rightly the reason why. Thinking he had ample time, he had gone round by the main road to save his boots—perhaps a little scared by what was coming. Sam'l's design was to forestall him by taking the shorter path.

It was a race for a wife. Those who favored Sam'l's suit exultingly saw him leap the stream, while the friends of Sanders fixed their eyes on the top of the common where it ran into the road. Sanders must come into sight there, and the one who reached this point first would get Bell.

As Auld Lichts do not walk abroad on the Sabbath, Sanders would probably not be delayed. The chances were in his favor. Had it been any other day in the week Sam'l might have run. So some of the congregation in the gallery were thinking, when suddenly they saw him bend low and then take to his heels. He had caught sight of Sanders's head bobbing over the hedge that separated the road from the common, and feared that Sanders might see him. The con-

gregation who could crane their necks sufficiently saw a black object, which they guessed to be the carter's hat, crawling along the hedge-top. For a moment it was motionless, and then it shot ahead. The rivals had seen each other. It was now a hot race. Sam'l, dissembling no longer, clattered up the common, becoming smaller and smaller to the on-lookers as he neared the top. More than one person in the gallery almost rose to their feet in their excitement. Sam'l had it. No, Sanders was in front. Then the two figures disappeared from view. They seemed to run into each other at the top of the brae, and no one could say who was first. The congregation looked at one another. Some of them perspired. But the minister held on his course. Sam'l had just been in time to cut Sanders out.

Sanders took in the situation and gave in at once. The last hundred yards of the distance he covered at his leisure, and when he arrived at his destination he did not go in, but went round to have a look at the pig.

"Lord preserve's! Are ye no at the kirk?" cried Bell, nearly dropping the baby as Sam'l broke into the room.

"Bell!" cried Sam'l.

Then T'nowhead's Bell knew that her hour had come.

"Sam'l," she faltered.

"Will ye hae's, Bell?" demanded Sam'l, glaring at her sheepishly.

"Ay," answered Bell.

Sam'l fell into a chair.

"Bring's a drink o' water, Bell," he said. But Bell thought the occasion required milk, and there was none in the kitchen. She went out to the byre, still with the baby in her arms, and saw Sanders Elshioner sitting gloomily on the pigsty.

"Weel, Bell?" said Sanders.

"I thocht ye'd been at the kirk, Sanders," said Bell.

Then there was silence between them.

"Has Sam'l spiered ye, Bell?"

"Ay," said Bell, and this time there was a tear in her eye. Sanders was little better than an "orra man," and Sam'l

was a weaver, and yet—but it was too late now. Sanders gave the pig a vicious poke with a stick, and when it had ceased to grunt, Bell was back in the kitchen, She had forgotten about the milk, however. and Sam'l only got water after all.

Sanders remained at the pigsty until Sam'l left the farm, when he joined him at the top of the brae, and they went home together.

"It's yersel', Sanders," said Sam'l.

"It is so, Sam'l," said Sanders.

"Very cauld," said Sam'l.

"Blawy," assented Sanders.

After a pause, "Sam'l," said Sanders.

"Ay."

"I'm hearin' ye're to be mairit."

"Ay."

"Weel, Sam'l, she's a snod bit lassie."

"Thank ye," said Sam'l.

"I had ance a kin' o' notion o' Bell mysel'," continued Sanders.

"Ye had?"

"Yes, Sam'l; but I thocht better o't."

"Hoo d'ye mean?" asked Sam'l, a little anxiously.

"Weel, Sam'l, mairitch is a terrible responsibeelity."

"It is so," said Sam'l, wincing.

"An' no the thing to tak' up withoot conseederation."

"But it's a blessed an' honorable state, Sanders; ye've heard the minister on't."

"They say," continued the relentless Sanders, "'at the minister doesna get on sair wi' the wife himsel'."

"So they do!" cried Sam'l, with a sinking at the heart.

"I've been telt," Sanders went on, "'at gin ye can get the upper han' o' the wife for a while at first, there's the mair chance o' a harmonious exeestence."

"Bell's no the lassie," said Sam'l, appealingly, "to thwart her man."

Sanders smiled.

"D'ye think she is, Sanders?"

"Weel, Sam'l, I d'na want to fluster ye, but she's been ower lang wi' Lisbeth Fargus no to hae learnt her ways. An' a'body kins what a life T'nowhead has wi' her."

"Guid sake, Sanders, hoo d'ye no speak o' this afore?"

"I thocht ye kent o't, Sam'l."

"But, Sanders," said Sam'l, brightening up, "ye was on yer way to spier her yersel'."

"I was, Sam'l," said Sanders, "and I canna but be thankfu' ye was ower quick for's."

"Gin't hadna been you," said Sam'l, "I wid never hae thocht o't."

"I'm sayin' naething agin Bell," pursued the other, "but man Sam'l, a body should be mair deleeberate in a thing o' the kind."

"It was michty hurried," said Sam'l, wofully.

"It's a serious thing to spier a lassie," said Sanders.

"It's an awfu' thing," said Sam'l.

"But we'll hope for the best," added Sanders, in a hopeless voice.

They were close to the Tenements now, and Sam'l looked as if he were on his way to be hanged.

"Sam'l!"

"Ay, Sanders."

"Did ye—did ye kiss her, Sam'l?"

"Na."

"Hoo?"

"There's was varra little time, Sanders."

"Half an 'oor," said Sanders.

"Was there? Man Sanders, to tell ye the truth, I never thocht o't."

The scandal blew over. At first it was expected that the minister would interfere to prevent the union, but beyond intimating from the pulpit that the souls of Sabbath-breakers were beyond praying for, and then praying for Sam'l and Sanders at great length, with a word thrown in for Bell, he let things take their course.

Sam'l and Sanders having been rival suitors had not interfered with their friendship. On the contrary, while they

had hitherto been mere acquaintances, they became inseparables as the wedding-day drew near. It was noticed that they had much to say to each other, and that when they could not get a room to themselves they wandered about together in the churchyard. When Sam'l had anything to tell Bell he sent Sanders to tell it, and Sanders did as he was bid. There was nothing that he would not have done for Sam'l.

The more obliging Sanders was, however, the sadder Sam'l grew. He never laughed now on Saturdays, and sometimes his loom was silent half the day. Sam'l felt that Sanders's was the kindness of a friend for a dying man.

It was to be a penny wedding, and Lisbeth Fargus said it was delicacy that made Sam'l superintend the fitting-up of the barn by deputy. Once he came to see it in person, but he looked so ill that Sanders had to see him home. This was on Thursday afternoon, and the wedding was fixed for Friday.

"Sanders, Sanders," said Sam'l, in a voice strangely unlike his own, "it'll a' be ower by this time the morn."

"It will," said Sanders.

"If I had only kent her langer," continued Sam'l.

"It wid hae been safer," said Sanders.

"Did ye see the yallow floor in Bell's bonnet?"

"Ay," said Sanders, reluctantly.

"I'm dootin'—I'm sair dootin' she's but a flichty light-hearted crittur after a'."

"I had ay my suspeecions o't," said Sanders.

"Ye hae kent her langer than me," said Sam'l.

"Yes," said Sanders, "but there's nae gettin' at the heart o' women. Man Sam'l, they're desperate cunnin'."

"I'm dootin't; I'm sair dootin't."

"It'll be a warnin' to ye, Sam'l, no to be in sic a hurry i' the futur."

Sam'l groaned.

"Ye'll be gaeing up to the manse to arrange wi' the minister the morn's mornin'," continued Sanders, in a subdued voice.

Sam'l looked wistfully at his friend.

"I canna do't, Sanders," he said, "I canna do't."

"Ye maun," said Sanders.

"It's aisy to speak," retorted Sam'l, bitterly.

"We have a' oor troubles, Sam'l," said Sanders, soothingly, "an' every man maun bear his ain burdent. Johnny Davie's wife's dead, an' he's no repinin'."

"Ay," said Sam'l, "but a death's no a mairitch. We hae had deaths in our family too."

"It may a' be for the best," added Sanders, "an' there wid be a michty talk i' the hale country-side gin ye didna ging to the minister like a man."

"I maun hae langer to think o't," said Sam'l.

"Bell's mairitch is the morn," said Sanders, decisively.

Sam'l glanced up with a wild look in his eyes.

"Sanders!" he cried.

"Sam'l!"

"Ye hae been a guid frien' to me, Sanders, in this sair affliction."

"Nothing ava," said Sanders; "dount mention't."

"But, Sanders, ye canna deny but what your rinnin' oot o' the kirk that awfu' day was at the bottom o't a'."

"It was so," said Sanders, bravely.

"An' ye used to be fond o' Bell, Sanders."

"I dinna deny't."

"Sanders, laddie," said Sam'l, bending forward and speaking in a wheedling voice, "I aye thocht it was you she likit."

"I had some sic idea mysel'," said Sanders.

"Sanders, I canna think to pairt twa fowk sae weel suited to ane anither as you an' Bell."

"Canna ye, Sam'l?"

"She wid mak ye a guid wife, Sanders. I hae studied her weel, an' she's a thrifty, douce, clever lassie. Sanders, there's no the like o' her. Mony a time, Sanders, I hae said to mysel', 'There's a lass ony man micht be prood to tak.' A'body says the same, Sanders. There's nae risk ava, man, nane to speak o'. Tak her, laddie, tak her, Sanders; it's a

gran' chance, Sanders. She's yours for the spierin'. I'll gie her up, Sanders."

"Will ye, though?"

"What d'ye think?" asked Sam'l.

"If ye wid raather," said Sanders, politely.

"There's my han' on't," said Sam'l. "Bless ye, Sanders; ye've been a true frien' to me."

Then they shook hands for the first time in their lives, and soon afterward Sanders struck up the brae to T'nowhead.

Next morning Sanders Elshioner, who had been very busy the night before, put on his Sabbath clothes and strolled up to the manse.

"But—but where is Sam'l?" asked the minister; "I must see himself."

"It's a new arrangement," said Sanders.

"What do you mean, Sanders?"

"Bell's to marry me," explained Sanders.

"But—but what does Sam'l say?"

"He's willin'," said Sanders.

"And Bell?"

"She's willin', too. She prefers 't."

"It is unusual," said the minister.

"It's a' richt," said Sanders.

"Well, you know best," said the minister.

"You see the hoose was taen, at ony rate," continued Sanders. "An' I'll juist ging in til't instead o' Sam'l."

"Quite so."

"An' I cudna think to disappoint the lassie."

"Your sentiments do you credit, Sanders," said the minister; "but I hope you do not enter upon the blessed state of matrimony without full consideration of its responsibilities. It is a serious business, marriage."

"It's a' that," said Sanders, "but I'm willin' to stan' the risk."

So, as soon as it could be done, Sanders Elshioner took to wife T'nowhead's Bell, and I remember seeing Sam'l Dickie trying to dance at the penny wedding.

JOHN HARDING.

MARY R. JARVIS.

A STORMY night on the southern coast at the close of
an autumn day;
A night of tempest and fear and death to mariners bound
that way.
For many a ship in sight of home was wrecked where no help
could be,
And many a stout heart failed and fell, borne down by the
raging sea.

The giant billows, capped high with foam, drove fiercely
toward the shore,
And dashed themselves on the white chalk cliffs with long
and deafening roar,
And over the waste the wild winds moaned and heavily, now
and again,
From every quarter outpoured at once came torrents of driving rain.

In a lonely valley among the rocks, a league from the seaport
town,
A straggling hamlet of fisher-folk through many a year had
grown.
Their quaint thatched houses were bare without as the sheltering hills above,
But within they were bright with homely cheer, and plenished and lined with love.

To-night, as the storm grew loud overhead, the breakers
more fierce below,
In anxious watching the men-folk there passed restlessly to
and fro.
And many a mother looked out and prayed for those away
on the foam,
Though the boats of the village were high and dry, and the
lads were all at home.

But only the little ones slept that night through all the terrible gale,
For when, at midnight, its strength and force were just beginning to fail,
There came through the darkness a sound more dread than all that had gone before—
The signal guns of a ship in distress away on the further shore.

And soon the trampling of feet was heard in the byways steep and bare,
And flickering lights on the beach revealed the villagers gathering there,
All eager to help, yet holding back, by wind and by wave dismayed,
The fishermen standing in groups apart, while the women wept and prayed.

But suddenly forth a young man strode to the strip of sand between,
As brave a man in his guernsey blue as ever that shore had seen.
"I'm going to the rescue, mates," he cried, with an unfaltering breath,
"Who'll bear a hand in the boat with me? We'll surely save *some* from death!"

"I will, John Harding!" "And I!" "And I!" the answering voices came,
For the brave resolve of the youth had set their laggard courage aflame;
And speedily stalwart hands had dragged his boat to the waterside,
While others, muttering, called them mad, as they looked on the raging tide.

But now the light from their lanterns shone on a pale and anguished face,
As out from the farther group there came, with swift yet tottering pace,

A woman who fell at the leader's feet and sobbed, in a voice of woe,
"Oh, John, my own lad, it cannot be, you must not, you *shall* not go!"

The shawl slipped back from her silvery hair, as she clung to his feet with tears,
The sorrowful face upturned to his was older in griefs than years;
"You're all I've had in the world," she moaned, "since your father was laid to rest,
And Will, your brother, our bonny Will, went sailing out to the west.

"You mind him, neighbors? how good he was, so handsome, and brave, and tall;
Amongst the men on the ship that day he stood the finest of all.
But the vessel foundered far out at sea, they told us the papers said,
And we shall look in his face no more till the sea gives up its dead.

"And now, my Johnny, my only one, is daring a watery grave,
Oh, say to him, friends, he may heed to you, that this is no night to save!
Bereaved of my children, I *am* bereaved; and, lost on this surging sea,
With never a chance to know his fate, oh, what will become of me!"

In troubled silence the people stood, while urgently, once again,
The far-off signal from Danger Reef came pealing over the main,
And all eyes turned on the hero lad, as he raised her up from the strand,
And kissed her gently, and held her fast in his strong, encircling hand.

"I *must* go, mother," he bravely said, though his heart to
its depths was stirred,
And through the rush and roar of the storm the break in his
voice she heard;
"So many lads are in straits out there, we must try to bring
them through,
And if I die for their sake to-night, the Lord will take care
of you!"

Her fainting courage revived at the word, and as, by the
grief of her own,
She measured the anguish of other hearts for those in the
wreck o'erthrown,
Her tremulous hands unclasped at length, the conflict of love
was won,
And turning bravely she whispered, "Go, and God prosper
thy way, my son."

And now, while cheers rang out on the wind, the order to
launch was given,
And the venturous craft on her voyage of hope far out on the
surf was driven.
"Be good to her comrades," was John's last word, as they
broke from the shore away;
"Please God, all's well, we'll be home again before the break
of the day."

But though the tempest had somewhat lulled, their progress
was hard and slow,
Now tossed far up on the threatening waves, now drenched
in the gulfs below;
And still through the hiss of the blinding spray torn off from
the crests of foam,
They could hear the people and see, beyond, the glimmering
lights of home.

The night wore slowly; some friendly hands when the stress
of the storm had gone
Lit up great fires on the hill above, that far through the dark-
ness shone;

And some in the coast-guard's hut hard by the mother's sad fears beguiled,
While she prayed, as only mothers can pray, that God would protect her child.

But when the red-rose flush of dawn was spreading over the deep,
And the billows in many a creek and cove were sobbing themselves to sleep,
A speck was seen on the sunrise track that stretched to the headland bare.
And the cry rose swiftly, "A boat! a boat! John Harding's boat is there!"

And larger and nearer the vision came, till a rousing challenge passed:
"John Harding, ahoy! Have you got 'em, lad, are you bringing 'em safe at last?"
Like those who hearken for life or death in silence the watchers stood,
But never an answering word or sign came over the shining flood.

Once more the challenge, "John Harding, ahoy! Have you got 'em, comrade, say?"
And this time faintly there came a cheer and the boatman's quick "Ay, ay!
We've got them," and then a ringing call thrilled all the listeners through:
"Five saved; and oh! tell mother—our Will is amongst them, too!"

A shout went up from the lonely cove that startled the deeps again;
'Mid happy laughter, and smiles of joy, and tears like an April rain,
The mother half-dazed with rapture, breathed to the kindly hearts around,
"My son, that was dead, is alive again, and he that was lost is found!"

There was joy like that which the angels know in their humble
home that day,
For Will, twice shipwrecked and glad to yield, had promised
with them to stay;
While John, whose love for the souls of men no fear of death
could appall,
In love and blessing and joy of heart had payment enough
for all.

CLITO'S ADDRESS TO THE MEN OF ATHENS.

[As spoken by Wilson Barrett, whose impersonation of the hero in "Clito" is one of his happiest efforts.]

FREEMEN of Athens! Fellow citizens!
Freemen by birth!
Have ye the souls of slaves?
How long shall bloody butchery and lust
Be the crowned kings of our unhappy state,
And gross corruption, like a pestilence,
Ravage a spot the gods have made so fair?
Friends, there are times when patience is a crime,
Inaction, treason, sufferance, a sin!
Such time is this, when Liberty lies crushed,
Mangled and bleeding—trodden under foot;
When all-devouring licence stalks the land
Like a lewd spectre with unwholesome breath,
Making all things it breathes upon unclean.
Sons of your fathers! Heirs of Pericles!
Rise to his height! Be worthy of your sires!
If you will not do battle for yourselves,
You, who are husbands, will you see your wives
Foully dishonored and stand tamely by?
You, who are fathers, will you see your sons
Consigned to death, to bondage, to despair?
Your daughters outraged, ruined and betrayed
To worse than death—the slavery of shame?
Freemen of Athens, will you stand by me
In triumph, in defeat, in life, in death?

Freemen of Athens! Brothers! Will you swear
Upon your father's bones and by the gods
Whose altars hallow yonder Parthenon
That you will either perish, or will pluck
This plague-spot from your heart?

NOTTMAN.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THAT was Nottman waving at me,
But the steam fell down, so you could not see;
He is out to-day with the fast express,
And running a mile in the minute, I guess.

Danger? None in the least, for the way
Is good, though the curves are sharp, as you say,
But bless you, when trains are a little behind,
They thunder around them—a match for the wind.

Nottman himself is a devil to drive,
But cool and steady, and ever alive
To whatever danger is looming in front,
When a train has run hard to gain time for a shunt.

But he once got a fear, though, that shook him with pain,
Like sleepers beneath the weight of a train.
I remember the story well, for, you see,
His stoker, Jack Martin, told it to me.

Nottman had sent down the wife for a change
To the old folks living at Riverly Grange,
A quiet, sleepy sort of a town,
Save when the engines went up and down.

For close behind it the railway ran
In a mile of a straight if a single span;
Three bridges were over the straight, and between
Two the distant signal was seen.

She had with her a boy—a nice little chit
Full of romp and mischief and childish wit,
And every time when they thundered by,
Both were out on the watch for Nottman and I.

"Well, one day," said Jack, "on our journey down,
Coming round on the straight at the back of the town,
I saw right ahead, in front of our track,
In the haze, on the rail, something dimlike and black.

"I looked over at Nottman, but ere I could speak,
He shut off the steam, and, with one wild shriek,
A whistle took to the air with a bound;
But the object ahead never stirred at the sound.

"In a moment he flung himself down on his knee,
Leaned over the side of the engine to see,
Took one look, then sprung up, crying, breathless and pale:
'Brake, Jack, it is someone asleep on the rail!'

"The rear brakes were whistled on in a trice,
While I screwed on the tender brake firm as a vise.
But still we tore on with this terrible thought
Sending fear to our hearts: 'Can we stop her or not?'

"I took one look again, then sung out to my mate:
'We can never draw up; we have seen it too late!'
When, sudden and swift, like the change in a dream,
Nottman drew back the lever and flung on the steam.

"The great wheels staggered and spun with the strain,
While the spray from the steam fell around us like rain;
But we slackened our speed, till we saw with a wild
Throb at the heart, right before us—a child!

"It was lying asleep on the rail, with no fear
Of the terrible death that was looming so near;
The sweat on us both broke as cold as the dew
Of death as we questioned: 'What can we do?'

"It was done, swift as acts that take place in a dream;
Nottman rushed to the front and knelt down on the beam,

Put one foot in the couplings; the other he kept
Right in front of the wheel for the child that still slept.

"I stood close behind him, and, standing, could feel
Underneath the wild roar of the merciless wheel,
And I knew—and this thought made me catch at my breath—
That the very next moment would be life or death.

"'Saved!' I burst forth, my heart leaping with pride,
For one touch of the foot sent the child to the side,
But Nottman looked up, his lips white as with foam,
'My God! Jack,' he cried, 'it's my own little Tom!'

"He shrunk, would have slipped, but one grasp of my hand
Held him firm till the engine was brought to a stand,
Then I heard from behind a shriek take to the air,
And I knew that the voice of a mother was there.

"The boy was all right, had got off with a scratch.
He had crept through the fence, hid in frolic to watch
For his father; but, wearied with mischief and play,
Had fallen asleep on the rail where he lay.

"For days after that on our journey down,
Ere we came to the straight at the back of the town,
As if the signal were up in its gleam
Of red, Nottman always shut off the steam."

THE MINIATURE.

WILLIAM was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife,
Fresh as if touched by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace, and life.
He almost thought it spoke; he gazed
Upon the treasure still.
Absorbed, delighted, and amazed,
He viewed the artist's skill.

"This picture of yourself, dear Anne,
' Tis drawn to nature true;
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And has it kissed you back, my dear?"
"Why, no, my love," said he.
"Then, William, it is very clear
'Tis not at all like me!"

THE WRECK OF THE SCOTCH EXPRESS.

C. C. MOTT.

THANK'EE, sir, kindly for calling: my cough's mending slowly but sure,
Though I scarcely know yet what I wish most—that's whether to die or endure.
You see, now that Ted—haven't heard, sir? I thought you knew all, I declare!
Will I tell you the story? I'll try, sir, if you'll sit yourself down in that chair.

My little girl died on the Friday, and Ted—that's my husband's first name,
A name, sir, and Dixon's his other, now covered with loathing and shame—
Well, Ted—he'd been nursing her fondly, he's a man with the tenderest heart—
Broke down so completely with anguish, I scarce thought I'd get him to start
In the cold winter morn to the cabin, to work out his fourteen hours' shift
(He's a signalman, Ted is—or was, sir); and he told me he hardly could lift
The up-distant levers for thinking about little Nellie and me.
I'd been in my bed for a week past, Ted nursing the two, don't you see?

And the poor fellow scarce got an hour's rest, through working that fortnight on nights,
With his food not the best—we were poor, sir—being mostly potatoes and lights.
Well, as I was saying, that morning he went to his work in a haze,
For Nell was his first and his only, and he loved all her sweet little ways.
He strove all the day like a Briton, and stifled the grief in his breast;
"Ted Dixon," his mates said, "'s a good un; his pluck is as good as the best."
At tea-time, alone in his cabin, he said he felt badly and queer,
So he telephoned down to the station—three miles from his cabin, or near—
To ask if they couldn't relieve him, and saying he felt rather wild.
(He couldn't say why, sir; but I know: 'twas thinking of Nell, our dead child.)
He told me they thought he was fooling—the boss bid him stick to his work,
He hadn't a man to relieve him. To think that my husband would shirk!
Although for ten days he'd been nursing his one only child and his wife,
He was always the first at his duty, he'd never been slack in his life!
But I'm losing the story, I fear, sir. So, what with no rest and our Nell,
He stuck at his post as if dreaming, the levers he worked 'neath a spell;
And about the last hour of the fourteen—tired Nature could bear it no more—
He put his head into his hands, sir, as the Scotch Express passed with a roar.
The signals were right for that portion, so it got up to London all right;

Ted forgot as they'd wired him that morning: "The Scotchman's divided to-night."
My man took a nap for a moment; he'd worked thirteen hours at a stretch,
With a wife sick at home in her bed, and no Nellie his dinner to fetch;
A whistle awoke him next minute—don't you pity him, sir, in your heart?—
'Twas a goods train he'd put on the siding, which was now in a hurry to start.
Ted turned it off on to the metals—the main line to London, I mean—
Little recking—God help the poor fellow!—the next moment's horrible scene!
He was just about pulling the lever, th' up-distant, to make things all right,
When, what was his horror to see, sir—he almost went mad at the sight!—
The Scotch Express dashing upon it—the second half that he'd forgot,
When dizzy with grief and long hours—God will pity my man, will He not?—
Th' express, with its shriek and its thunder, came rushing full tilt thro' the gloom,
With the goods train a few yards before it, the driver not knowing his doom.
On, on came the Scotchman, unconscious; on, on! to its horrible fate—
With death and destruction before it, my Ted could do nothing but wait.
And nearer, still nearer, it thundered—the engine all hissing with steam;
The driver could never have stopped had he seen but a faint little gleam.
Oh, horror! now counted by inches was all that was left of the space
To ward off the blow of the engine, advancing with maddening pace.

They met! Ah! What words can I use, sir, to tell of that terrible smash?
My Ted said he'd hear in his coffin the noise of the blood-curdling crash.

I'm faint, sir; I cannot go on, sir; the story's too much for my brain;
But ten mangled bodies they dragged, sir, from under the telescoped train!

They took my poor husband to prison: they wouldn't admit him to bail;
And there he'd to stay till th' Assizes, five weeks in the damp of the gaol.
The shock must have weakened his system, 'twas never a good one to thrive,
For when he came up for his trial my man looked more dead than alive.
They brought him in "Guilty—manslaughter"—for failing the main line to block.
But methinks there are others beside him that ought to have stood in the dock!

A LAY OF THE CONSCRIPTION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

IVAN PETROKOFFSKY of the Twenty-First Division
Of the Army of the Danube is a private—nothing more;
And nobody expects of him to form a wise decision
On the diplomatic reasons that have mobilized his corps.
He is rather dull and stupid, and not given much to reading,
And even when he has a thought his words are few and rude;
So when summoned to his sotnia, about that same proceeding
Rough Ivan's stray ideas were quite naturally crude.
But he heard his colonel reading out the regimental order,
Which explains in glowing language why the Russians go to war;

And he holds some dim idea that he's on the Turkish Border
"For the glory of the Empire and the honor of the Czar!"

Ivan Petrokoffsky is a little tender hearted—
His feelings (for a private) are entirely out of place—
And when from wife and infant with slow, lingering steps he parted,
No heroic agitation was depicted on the face.
It was well for foolish Ivan that his colonel had not found him,
When the marching order reached him at his home that bitter day,
When the younger Ivan's chubby little arms were folded round him,
And tearful Mistress Ivan gave her tongue unbounded sway,
There were murmurs of rebellion in that quiet Volga village
(So devoid of patriotic aspirations women are),
When Ivan and his comrades left for scenes of blood and pillage,
"For the glory of the Empire and the honor of the Czar!"

Ivan Petrokoffsky of the Twenty-First Division
Of the Army of the Danube is not easy in his mind,
For within the deep recesses of his heart is a suspicion
He has said farewell forever to the loved ones left behind.
In cruel dreams he sees himself, a shapeless mass and gory,
By the rolling Danube lying, with his purple life-stream spent,
And he has not such a keen appreciation of the glory
Of dying for his country to be happy or content.
He has seen his comrades falling round, all mangled, torn and bleeding,
And their cries were not of triumph, but of homes and kindred far,
While little recked the vultures, on the gray-robed bodies feeding,
Of "the glory of the Empire or the honor of the Czar!"

AT THE CEDARS.

DUNCAN C. SCOTT.

YOU had two girls, Baptiste,
One is Virginie——
Hold hard, Baptiste,
Listen to me.

The whole drive was jammed,
In the bend at the cedars;
The rapids were dammed
With the logs tight rammed
And crammed; you might know
The devil had clinched them below.
We worked three days—not a budge!
"She's as tight as a wedge,
On the ledge," says our foreman.
"Mon Dieu! boys, look here,
We must get this thing clear."
He cursed at the men,
And we went for it then,
With our cant-dogs a-row;
We just gave "he yo ho!"
When she gave a big shove
From above.

The gang yelled, and tore
For the shore;
The logs gave a grind,
Like a wolf's jaws behind,
And as quick as a flash,
With a shove and a crash,
They were down in a mash,
But I and ten more,
All but Isaac Dufour, were ashore.

He leaped on a log in front of the rush,
And shot out from the bind,
While the jam roared behind;
As he floated along,
He balanced his pole, and tossed us a song.

But, just as we cheered,
Up darted a log from the bottom,
Leaped thirty feet, fair and square,
And came down on his own.

He went up like a block,
With the shock;
And when he was there,
In the air,
Kissed his hand
To the land.
When he dropped,
My heart stopped,
For the first logs had caught him,
And crushed him;
When he rose in his place
There was blood on his face.

There were some girls, Baptiste,
Picking berries on the hillside,
Where the river curls, Baptiste,
You know,—on the still side;
One was down by the water,
She saw Isaac fall back.
She didn't scream, Baptiste;
She launched her canoe,
It did seem, Baptiste,
That she wanted to die too,
For before you could think,
The birch cracked like a shell
In that rush of hell,
And I saw them both sink—Baptiste!

Then he said to his prime minister: "Since rank, it seems, must be,
I suppose the rank I stand in may as well belong to me

"As to another. Seasons must be equal in their cold
And heat; all rivers equal in length; the mountains old
Of equal height, ere all men are equal as to gold,

"And rank and power. Return we to our empire, leaving these
To play at king and subjects, since the playing seems to please!
I, too, will play my part out, though perhaps with less of ease!"

THE SWORD EXERCISE.

THOMAS HARDY.

THE hill opposite one end of Bathsheba's dwelling extended into an uncultivated tract of land, covered at this season with tall thickets of brake fern radiant in hues of clear and untainted green.

At eight o'clock this midsummer evening, whilst the bristling ball of gold in the west still swept the tips of the ferns with its long, luxuriant rays, a soft brushing-by of garments might have been heard among them, and Bathsheba appeared in their midst. She paused, turned, went back over the hill and down again to her own door, whence she cast a farewell glance upon the spot she had just left, having resolved not to remain near the place after all. She saw a dim spot of artificial red moving round the shoulder of the rise. It disappeared on the other side.

She waited one minute—two minutes—thought of Troy's disappointment at her non-fulfilment of a promised engagement, tossed on her hat again, ran up the garden, clambered over the bank and followed the original direction. She was

now trembling and panting at this her temerity; her breath came and went quickly, and her eyes shone with an infrequent light. Yet go she must. She reached the verge of a pit in the middle of the ferns. Troy stood in the bottom looking up toward her.

"I heard you rustling through the ferns before I saw you," he said, coming up and giving her his hand to help her down the slope.

"Now," said Troy, producing the sword, which, as he raised it into the sunlight, gleamed a sort of greeting, like a living thing, "first, we have four right and four left cuts; four right and four left thrusts. Infantry cuts and guards are more interesting than ours, to my mind; but they are not so swashing. They have seven cuts and three thrusts. So much as a preliminary. Well, next, our cut one is as if you were sowing your corn—so." Bathsheba saw a sort of rainbow, upside down in the air, and Troy's arm was still again. "Cut two, as if you were hedging—so. Three, as if you were reaping—so. Four, as if you were threshing—in that way. Then the same on the left. The thrusts are these: one, two, three, four, right; one, two, three, four, left. Have 'em again? One, two"—

She hurriedly interrupted: "I'd rather not, though I don't mind your twos and fours; but your ones and threes are terrible!"

"Very well. I'll let you off the ones and threes. Next, cuts, points, and guards all together." Troy duly exhibited them. "Then there's pursuing practice in this way. There, those are the stereotyped forms. The infantry have two most diabolical upward cuts, which we are too humane to use. like this—three, four."

"How murderous and bloodthirsty!"

"They are rather deathy. Now I'll be more interesting and let you see some loose play—giving all the cuts and points, infantry and cavalry, quicker than lightning, and as promiscuously—with just enough rule to regulate instinct and yet not to fetter it. You are my antagonist, with this difference from real warfare, that I shall miss you every time by one

hair's breadth, or perhaps two. Mind you don't flinch, whatever you do."

"I'll be sure not to," she said invincibly.

He pointed to about a yard in front of him.

Bathsheba's adventurous spirit was beginning to find some grains of relish in these highly novel proceedings. She took up her position as directed, facing Troy.

"Now, just to learn whether you have pluck enough to let me do what I wish, I'll give you a preliminary test."

He flourished the sword by way of introduction number two, and the next thing of which she was conscious was that the point and blade of the sword were darting with a gleam toward her left side, just above her hip; then of their reappearance on her right side, emerging as it were from between her ribs, having apparently passed through her body. The third item of consciousness was that of seeing the same sword, perfectly clean and free from blood held vertically in Troy's hand, in the position technically called "recover swords." All was as quick as electricity.

"Oh!" she cried out in affright, pressing her hand to her side. "Have you run me through?—no, you have not! Whatever have you done?"

"I have not touched you," said Troy, quietly. "It was mere sleight of hand. The sword passed behind you. Now you are not afraid, are you? Because if you are I can't perform. I give my word that I will not only not hurt you, but not once touch you."

"I don't think I am afraid. You are quite sure you will not hurt me?"

"Quite sure."

"Is the sword very sharp?"

"Oh, no; only stand as still as a statue. Now!"

In an instant the atmosphere was transformed to Bathsheba's eyes. Beams of light caught from the low sun's rays, above, around, in front of her, wellnigh shut out earth and heaven—all emitted in the marvelous evolutions of Troy's reflecting blade, which seemed everywhere at once and yet nowhere specially. These circumambient gleams were ac-

companied by a keen sibilation that was almost a whistling—also springing from all sides of her at once. In short, she was enclosed in a firmament of light, and of sharp hisses, resembling a sky full of meteors close at hand.

Never since the broadsword became the national weapon had there been more dexterity shown in its management than by the hand of Sergeant Troy, and never had he been in such splendid temper for the performance as now in the evening sunshine among the ferns with Bathsheba. Had it been possible for the edge of the sword to leave in the air a permanent substance wherever it flew past, the space left untouched would have been a complete mould of Bathsheba's figure. Behind the luminous streams of this *aurora militaris*, she could see the hue of Troy's sword-arm, spread in a scarlet haze over the space covered by its motions, like a twanged bowstring, and behind all, Troy himself, mostly facing her; sometimes, to show the rear cuts, half turned away, his eye nevertheless always keenly measuring her breadth and outline, and his lips tightly closed in sustained effort. Next his movements lapsed slower, and she could see them individually. The hissing of the sword had ceased, and he stopped entirely.

"That outer loose lock of hair wants tidying," he said, before she had moved or spoken. "Wait, I'll do it for you."

An arc of silver shone on her right side; the sword had descended. The lock dropped to the ground.

"Bravely borne!" said Troy. "You didn't flinch a shade's thickness. Wonderful in a woman!"

"It was because I didn't expect it. Oh, you have spoilt my hair!"

"Only once more."

"No—no! I am afraid of you—indeed I am!" she cried.

"I won't touch you at all—not even your hair. I am only going to kill that caterpillar settling on you. Now, still!"

It appeared that a caterpillar had come from the fern and chosen the front of her bodice as his resting-place. She saw

the point glisten toward her bosom, and seemingly enter it. Bathsheba closed her eyes in the full persuasion that she was killed at last. However, feeling just as usual, she opened them again.

"There it is—look!" said the sergeant, holding his sword before her eyes.

The caterpillar was spitted upon its point.

"Why, it is magic!" said Bathsheba, amazed.

"Oh, no, dexterity. I merely gave point to your bosom where the caterpillar was, and instead of running you through checked the extension a thousandth of an inch short of your surface."

"But how could you chop off a curl of my hair with a sword that has no edge?"

"No edge! This sword will shave like a razor. Look here."

He touched the palm of his hand with the blade, and then lifting it, showed her a thin shaving of scarf-skin dangling therefrom.

"But you said before beginning that it was blunt and couldn't cut me!"

"That was to get you to stand still, and so ensure your safety. The risk of injuring you through your moving was too great not to compel me to tell you an untruth to obviate it."

She shuddered. "I have been within an inch of my life, and didn't know it!"

"More precisely speaking, you have been within half an inch of being pared alive two hundred and ninety-five times."

"Cruel, cruel, 'tis of you!"

"You have been perfectly safe nevertheless. My sword never errs." And Troy returned the weapon to the scabbard.

Bathsheba overcome by a hundred tumultuous feelings resulting from the scene, abstractedly sat down on a tuft of heather.

"I must leave you now," said Troy, softly. "And I'll venture to keep this in remembrance of you."

She saw him stoop to the grass, pick up the winding lock which he had severed from her manifold tresses, twist it round his fingers, unfasten a button in the breast of his coat, and carefully put it inside. She felt powerless to withstand or deny him. He was altogether too much for her, and Bathsheba seemed as one who, facing a reviving wind, finds it to blow so strongly that it stops the breath.

He drew near and said, "I must be leaving you." He drew nearer still. A minute later and she saw his scarlet form disappear amid the ferny thicket, almost in a flash, like a brand swiftly waved. That minutes' interval had brought the blood beating into her face, set her stinging as if aflame to the very hollows of her feet, and enlarged emotion to a compass which quite swamped thought. It had brought upon her a stroke resulting in a stream of tears. She felt like one who has sinned a great sin. The circumstance had been the gentle dip of Troy's mouth downward upon her own. He had kissed her.

FRANK, THE FIREMAN.

THOMAS FROST.

OPEN the door, will yer, Bill? Hush! take the gentleman's dicer.
You're the reporter, ain't yer? Can't say we're happy to know yer.
Bill, light some more of them candles. That's Frank, a-lookin' much nicer
Than he looked last night—all smoky. Here, stick this chair below yer.

Good-lookin' feller, weren't he? That's his kid in the corner.
Like him? Here, little Snooks, this gent's goin' to write about father.
Wife? Well, she isn't here, an' I guess *she* won't be a mourner;

Took her last night to the hospital, hurted—or frightened, rather.

Frank was an engine-driver; ollus a-jokin' an' singin'.
Married a week when he j'ined us. Brought her down onct—what a daisy!
Quiet an' bashful an' sweet; blushed when we smiled at her, clingin'
Tenderly on to Frank's arm. Face as 'ud set yer half crazy.

Well, he'd been married two years (that's about right, Billy, ain't it?)
When, spinnin' one night to a fire, the engine-wheel bumped on a boulder,
An' Frank, as was leanin' so for'ard he hadn't no show to prevent it,
Got pitched on the end of a curb, an' fractured his arm near the shoulder.

Billy there grabbed hold of the leathers: I stayed behind to assist him:
Wanted to ring for an amb'lance, but Frank swore he'd never forgive it;
Bet yer he'd got in his head, if she tucked him in nicely an' kissed him,
His arm 'ud be set in the mornin' an' he'd be as sound as a trivet.

So I puts Frank in a cab an' drives to the flat in a hurry,
An'—well, yer see, she thought as he was good till mornin' on duty,
An'—hang it, I can't say the rest! Can't yer guess? There's a scream an' a scurry,
An' Frank a dead weight in my arms, an' she—in her shame an' her beauty!

Soon as he fetched round a bit he axed me to wrap up the baby;
Begged me to keep him awhile, an' then for the hospital started;

Arm hangin' limp by his side (pain didn't trouble him, maybe);
Give a last look at the home, then walked away—broken-hearted!

When he reported again, my! what a change in the feller!
Never once asked where she'd gone: seemed half the time to be sleepin'
Eyes was as dull as a stone, face of the sickliest yeller.
Frank, he was hit pretty bad—hit much too heavy for weepin'.

Well, sir, last night about ten, clang went the gong in the station.
All of us counted the strokes—clang! till it come to our figger.
Hosses was hitched in a jiff, then we was off like tarnation,
Frank bendin' over the box, lashin' 'em up like a nigger.

Lors, how we rustled along! People a-runnin' an' yellin';
Gong cryin' "Look out ahead!" street in a fiery sprinkle;
Cabs swingin' out of the way; whoa! this Fifth Avenue dwellin';
Ha! not a moment too soon; hose is run off in a twinkle.

Engine starts in with a snort. Woman up there at the winder
Where the flames crackle an' dance (oh, sir, the sight was a sad 'un).
Frank, he looks up, rubs his eyes like he'd been hit with a cinder;
Makes a quick grab for an axe, goes up the stoop like a mad 'un.

"Up with the ladder!" he yells. Sping! an' the door's off its hinges;
Frank disappears in the smoke. Bill there was first to go skyin';
Flames from the window below! Horror! the ladder—it singes!
Jump, woman! Merciful God! see, in Frank's arms she's a-lyin'!

Look! he's a-strokin' her hair—kissin' an' huggin' and kissin'
(Guess every eye in that crowd felt in a bit of a quiver);
Strokin' an' pattin' her cheek, right where that hell is a-hissin',
Then drops her safely to Bill, cryin', "Good-bye—I forgive her!"

That's all, sir; fun'ral's to-morrow. Frankey, the gent wants to kiss yer:
Says yer the son of a hero, grand as they puts in a story.
Good day. Us firemen ain't much: yer die an' the world doesn't miss yer;
But Frank there's gone some'rs, you bet, where they gives out big medals for glory!

THE CHOICE OF ARMS.

MARQUIS DE LEUVILLE.

I STAND before the judgment throne of heaven,
'Mid rays of angels glowed in strange, white light,
Beyond. Erect, and fearing less, O God,
Thy wrath than Thy great love! I tell the tale
Beneath its record held 'tween heavenly wings.

They told me Maud, my Maud, was false to me.
I thought it *once*, since Love and Fear are twins;
And yet one word from her, one soft, pained look
On my transcendent agony healed all—
It is so sweet to trust the lips we love.

But I met him who wrought the ill. His eyes
Met mine. He knew their tiger's turn;
Saw me impelled toward him sideways like a cat,
And squared his well-knit frame right skilfully
To stop my hand. It would have bitten tight,
And held like leopard's teeth. I stopped my rush!
Aye! nearly fell in staying it; for the thought

That Maud's fair name and fame must not flash out
Between our meeting swords. He also saw
I would have hurled him from the jetty there,
And gone with him straight down and through the sea
That raved like burning fringe of hell. Aye! on
To hell itself, till there my claw burned off
His throat. But then he knew, before the world,
I must find pretext foreign to her name.
This saved him. Then he planned it quick. We both
Were skilled in arms, but he, renowned for fence,
Well knew, *l'arme blanche* was rarely to my hand
Of late. So when the pretext came, too soon
For thought, and stung my strained and pregnant skin,
Out flew my blow and down he went, and thus
Made me aggressor, leaving him to choose
For swords, and though he knew me wounded twice
With these, and knew my prior cause to make
Demur, he felt that I would fight that night
With earthquakes like the gods, or throw the dice
For my own mother's soul. And so he gained
And chose, though he first having wrought the ill
About her name, the choice of arms by right
Was mine.

Well! He was first upon the ground;
Stalwart, fierce, and pale, in the uncanny light
Of dawn. No sweet and heavenly sun
Peeped slyly t'ward the glamored crescent faint
In Eastern spheres; but he stood like some great ghost,
The youth all faded from his face as hath
The green from autumn leaves. The night below
Rolled sulkily away, ashamed to show
Such sodden sky with one red stain across
For morning.

Ominously I felt the knife,
With which my second clipped my shirt-sleeve round,
Had slipped and cut my arm. And so I held
My rapier crosswise just a moment up
Against the storm cloud couchant in the wind

Before we made salute. I knew full well
His steel's strong clink meant more than skill, but dared
The death. I liked the weighting of my blade;
And taste the breath of the affected calm
Of that first courtly altercation
When each man measures each, and but an inch
Would end the pointed courtesy. His choice
Was right, and nerved his arm. A good square foot
Must measure all my fleury's deviation
For my guard; till "*feinte en tierce dégagement leste*
En quarte" might give me one small chance for life.
Straight for my heart he went. At each "*risposte*"
He pressed me harder still. I still fought on,
Although he saw how spent I grew. So faint,
Each fresh assault her face came in a dream.
Crash burst the thunder and the flash. And rain
And tears almost mixed with drops which streamed
From both our brows. Straining, though all but killed,
And harder pressed, I seemed to draw in dreams
Her features fair with each cramped guard against
The insolence of that white tongue of fire
That ever darted at my face and breast
As though the devil laughed above the storm.

At last a pause. 'Twas well, for my breath passed
At most my throat, "On guard!" Again? This time
On guard for death. In the storm's dim, wicked light
I swear his sword clipped mine before the word.
'Twas worse than foul, his "*coup de temps.*"
Too swift! So faint was I that in a flash
They saw his point appear right through my shirt.
"He's killed!" they cried. "Aye, killed be damned!"
cried I—
And quick, full four feet back, before my foe
Recovered half a span (for he had missed)
With "*feinte en tierce dégagement vite en quarte,*"
With crash and flash as though all heaven fell
I felt my rapier pierce that traitor wrist

And iron arm and shoulder-blade, and flung
It to the earth. "Saved, saved!" my second cried,
And crossed the ground. Yes, saved! And now they say,
He's dying, may be dead. More blest than I,
He lies all shriven in his chambers grand,
Alight with mystic flames of gentle rite
Around his head. The anthem for his soul
All faintly floating round. And she who loves
The well-knit Count forgives him all his faults.
I too; except his rest, and that he fenced
So ill he missed my heart; for I am sick
Of all the gaping world's afflictive crew,
And sooner far were on the road to rest
With her love to soothe my closing eyes.

A MOTHER'S DARING.

JOHN F. NICHOLLS.

DON'T you talk to me about women, as though they were timid and weak;
You've not seen so many as I have, or that's not the way you would speak.
Why, bless you, there's some of the females have twice as much pluck as we men;
You doubt it? Well, listen a moment, I'll tell you an anecdote, then.

'Tis twelve months ago, mate, or nearly, since what I shall tell you occurred.
But I've never forgotten the story—'tis true, mate; not just what I heard.
And the subject's a female, a poor one, and not very lovely, I own,
But as noble and plucky a woman as any that I've ever known.

Nell Blake was an artisan's wife, mate, and she'd one little maiden of three,
Whose manner was winning and pretty, and full of sweet innocent glee.
And the mother was proud of her daughter (and her pride was but natural, too),
In fact, she just cherished the maiden, as good mothers usually do.

One day a menagerie came, mate, and halted quite close to their street,
And Nell thought she'd take little Jessie, and give her a bit of a treat.
So, dressing themselves in their neatest, they went on the opening night,
Together with scores of the neighbors, all bent on enjoying the sight.

They entered, and Jess was delighted, the scene was so new to her eyes,
And now and again she would utter a word to express her surprise;
The tricks of the monkeys amused her, and she couldn't refrain from a laugh,
When she noticed the neck of the creature Nell told her was called the giraffe.

Well, all of a sudden the people came rushing along in a crowd,
With terror writ plain on their faces, while some of them shouted aloud:
"The tiger's broke loose, he is coming!" Nell heard and was struck with dismay,
Then she turned to clasp hands with her daughter, and hurry her out of the way.

But Jessie had gone; she had wandered to look at some curious thing,
Not thinking what trouble and sorrow to a fond mother's heart it would bring.

Nell sought for her, called her in vain, mate, and her fears
and misgivings were such
That she felt her wee maiden was surely in the bloodthirsty
animal's clutch.

Then her sensitive ear was smitten by the sound of her
daughter's cry,
And frantic and breathless she darted to rescue her child or to
die.
In a moment she saw little Jessie, with staring eyes, holding
her breath,
While the tiger was crouching before her ere springing to
deal swift death.

Nell Blake never halted a moment, but straight to her child
did she go,
Rushed in between her and the tiger, forgetting the strength
of her foe;
She watched him for several seconds, then just as he sprang
at his prey,
She snatched up her child in an instant, and tried to get out
of his way.

She eluded his spring and she dodged him, but he caught her
a blow on the arm
That caused her to reel in a swoon, mate, and made Jessie
shriek with alarm;
Then quickly the mother recovered, and her joy, surely no
one can tell,
When she heard the sharp crack of a rifle, and the animal
staggered and fell.

That's the anecdote; how did you like it? D'ye see, you
were quite in the wrong,
And some women can beat the men, mate, although they're
not nearly as strong.
Don't you talk against women again, mate, for I think every-
body will own
That if you can't praise 'em a little, you'd far better leave
'em alone.

WILFRED DENVER'S DREAM.

FROM "THE SILVER KING," AS PLAYED BY WILSON BARRETT.

DENVER. Stay, I fell asleep. Jaikes, you don't know what a murderer's sleep is? It is the waking-time of conscience! It is the whipping-post she ties him to while she lashes and stings and maddens his poor, helpless, guilty soul! Sleep? It is a bed of spikes and horrors! It is a precipice for him to roll over, sheer upon the jags and forks of memory! It is a torchlight procession of devils raking out every infernal sewer and cranny of his brain! It is ten thousand mirrors dangling round him to picture and repicture to him nothing but himself! Sleep! Oh, God! there is no hell but sleep!

JAIKES. Master Will! My poor Master Will.

DENVER. That's what my sleep has been these four years past. I fell asleep and I dreamed that we were over in Nevada, and we were seated on a throne, she and I, and all the people came to offer us their homage and loving obedience. And it was in a great hall of justice, and a man was brought before me charged with a crime; and just as I opened my mouth to pronounce sentence upon him, Geoffrey Ware came up out of his grave with his eyes staring, staring, staring, as they stared on me on that night, and as they will stare at me till my dying day; and he said, "Come down! Come down you whited sepulchre! How dare you sit in that place to judge men?" And he leaped up in his grave-clothes to the throne where I was, and seized me by the throat and dragged me down, and we struggled and fought like wild beasts. We seemed to be fighting for years, and at last I mastered him, and held him down and throttled him, and rammed him tight into his grave again, and kept him there and wouldn't let him stir, and then I saw a hand coming out of the sky, a long, bony hand with no flesh on it, and nails like eagle's claws, and it came slowly out of the sky reaching for miles it seemed. Slowly, slowly, it reached down to the very place where I was, and it fastened in my heart, and it took me and set me in the justice

hall in the prisoner's dock, and when I looked at my judge it was Geoffrey Ware! And I cried out for mercy, but there was none! And the hand gripped me again as a hawk grips a wren, and set me on the gallows, and I felt the plank fall from under my feet, and I dropped, dropped, dropped—and I awoke!

JAIKES. For mercy's sake, Master Will, no more!

DENVER. Then I knew that the dream was sent for a message to tell me that though I should fly to the utmost ends of the earth, as high as the stars are above or as deep as the deepest sea bed is below, there is no hiding place for me, no rest, no hope, no shelter, no escape!

A SUMMER IDYL.

F. M. WAITHMAN.

WE wandered down the quaint old lane
  Where, 'neath the bridge the brooklet flows;
The summer day was on the wane,
  All calm and sweet its perfumed close.
Above our heads—my love and I—
  A bird flew homeward to its mate,
And seemed to whisper, passing by,
  "Two hearts once more have met their fate."
Ah! dear old lane, within your shade
  That twilight eve a tale was told
Of love and faith too long delayed;
  No doubt to you the tale was old;
But to our hearts 'twas fair and new,
  A thing to guard as sacred lore,
A flow'r that all too quickly grew
  To be uprooted nevermore.

* * * *

To-night—the days have rolled apace—
  I see once more the quaint old lane,

And see an earnest, loving face
  I ne'er perchance shall see again.
The air seems perfumed and I hear
  The brooklet's ever-running song.
And her sweet voice is murm'ring near,
  "If love be true 'twill linger long."
With me, dear heart, 'twill live for aye,
  Whilst thoughts have life and I have breath,
A sun to shine through darkest day
  And pierce the murky clouds of death.

DAUNTLESS.

ARTHUR WEIR.

AH! he is dead. A strange, sad story clings
  About the memory of this mindless man—
A tale that strips war's tinsel off and brings
  Its horrors out, as only history can.

You fain would hear it told? Then rob your eyes
  Of all their tears, drive feeling from your soul,
Forget love, honor, all that good men prize,
  And o'er your heart hate's sullen waters roll.

Within a peaceful town he dwelt in youth—
  His sister's hero and his mother's pride;
The soul of honor, the abode of truth,
  Beloved and reverenced on every side.

He had a sweetheart, lovely as the day—
  A gentle maid who knew not half his worth,
Who loved the sunshine, and who shrank away
  From sorrow, and forever followed mirth.

They were but young, and hope's mirage upreared
  In their warm hearts its rosy palaces;
They deemed them real, and longing, only feared
  Life was too short for all the promised bliss.

And then came war, blood-spattered, cruel as hell,
  And clamored with its iron voice for life,
Mother and sister and the wedding-bell
  The hero left and hastened to the strife.

For liberty he struck in vain, but fell
  A captive in his earliest affray,
And, threatening death, fierce Haynau bade him tell
  Whereat and in what force the patriots lay.

"I will not tell," he cried, with eyes aflame,
  "Do what thou wilt with me; I will not bring
Death to my land and soil my honored name—
  From these sealed lips thou canst no secret bring."

His captor only laughed. "He croweth well.
  Go, bring his mother and his sister here,
And they shall die if he refuse to tell."
  The hero answered not, but first felt fear.

The brutal soldiers to the brutish court
  Dragged the weak women, and they stood o'erawed,
Each to the other clinging for support,
  And praying in her misery to God.

The fell decree the shrinking creatures heard,
  And long in vain essayed to make reply,
For their weak speech could find no fitting word
  To bear the burden of their agony.

Tears came at last. The brutal Haynau smiled,
  But all too soon. Weeping, the mother said—
"Be not thy country's traitor. Oh, my child!
  Too old am I the loss of life to dread."

Then spake the sister: "Brother mine, be brave!
  Life hath no charms if with dishonor bought.
Think not of us; our bleeding country save;
  Life is so short at best, death matters not."

The hero made no answer, but he drove
  His nails into his palms, and choked for breath,

His captor bade the soldiery remove
  The noble women—and they went to death!

"He hath a sweetheart," Haynau said again;
  "Go, bring her hither;" and they brought her there,
Weeping with fear and moaning low with pain,
  Amid the golden showers of her hair.

She heard her doom, and, as one stricken dead,
  With a great cry she to the earth fell prone.
"Oh, God!" the hero shrieked, and turned his head.
  Loud Haynau laughed: "Touched, oh, thou heart of stone!"

Then from the earth she sprang, frenzied with fear,
  Into her lover's arms, and kissed his cheek
And stroked his hair, and called him "love" and "dear,"
  And prayed him for her sake to yield and speak.

He thrust her from him, clasped her form
  In his lithe arms again, and then once more
Repulsed her gently, and the deadly storm
  That raged within him smote him to the floor.

Groping, he rose and spoke. None knew his voice;
  It grated like the hinges of a tomb;
"Oh! darling, it must be; I have no choice;
  Thou wouldst not have me bring my country's doom?"

Haynau made sign. "Away with her," he cried.
  They seized their prey, but life to her was sweet,
And, bounding from the soldiers at her side,
  Moaning, she crouched, and clasped her lover's feet.

"Oh! for the love you bear me, save my life!
  Tell what he asks, and we will fly this place,
Into some unknown land, where all this strife
  Shall be forgotten in love's long embrace."

He made no answer, save by bending low
  And kissing her damp brow. They raised their prize,

And bore her to the door, as pale as snow,
With all her soul outwelling from her eyes.

But here she turned, calm in her death despair,
And in a voice, metallic in its hate,
"My dying curse be on you everywhere,
False love," she cried, "who send me to my fate."

There was a silence, then a fusillade
Of musketry, a woman's scream and moan,
Then silence. That was all, and in the shade
Of night the hero laughed. Reason had flown.

THE SACRIFICE OF GENIUS.

R. S. HICHENS.

SHE was an actress, famous, rich, and fair,
With laughing eyes to draw men's hearts away;
The glint of gold was in her shining hair,
Her talent brought the world beneath her sway.
Men called it genius; said she was "divine,"
And sang her praises where they went to dine.

One night she played as *Juliet*—"looked a dream,"
The ladies said, and "dressed the part so well."
The men, enraptured, watched her fine eyes gleam,
And envied *Romeo* till the curtain fell;
Then called her forward once and yet again,
And showered her with roses thick as rain.

The lights were out, the people gone away;
Beside the dark stage door a girl there stood,
Thin, poorly dressed, scarce pretty, some might say,
With shining eyes, and cheeks flushed red as blood.
"At last!" she murmured, as the door, flung wide
Showed her the famous actress pale with pride.

As she came out, wrapped warmly from the air,
She saw the girl, and paused, she scarce knew why.

"What is it child? 'tis late to linger there."
"Yes, yes, I know, but I have seen you die,
And I would really die to once act so:
I wanted just to tell you. Now I'll go."

"Stay, you look ill. The night is dark and cold.
I'll drive you home. Jump in! Now tell me where
You live—don't argue, do just what you are told.
My horse goes fast, and we shall soon be there.
And so you liked my acting! P'raps some day
You'll be an actress too, and die in play."

"Oh, if I could!" "Why not? You've got a face
Good for the stage. A soul too, I believe,
Shines in your eyes, and you can move with grace.
You say you're poor, and earn your bread? Don't grieve
For that; I work hard too, though people say
That toil can't be connected with a play.

"Down this dark street you live? So here we are.
Good-bye. Don't thank me." The young girl stepped out,
And reached her door; but when she got so far
The actress called her, and she turned about.
"Here's my address. Come there some early day.
I like your face.—Home!" And she drove away.

She soon forgot the girl, whose childish praise
Had pleased her vanity, as weeks went by,
And so, one day, she stood in half amaze
To see her at the door, blushing and shy.
The actress brought her in, and gave her tea,
Then said, "Now read this poem out to me.

"Think I'm a crowded audience. Make me cry
And laugh at your sweet will, or hold my breath,
And strain to catch your whisper and your sigh,
E'en hanging on your silence still as death.
Begin!" The girl with trembling lips obeyed,
At first with faltering voice, as half afraid.

But soon forgetting all save what she read,
  She threw her heart into the task, and made
The words now ice, now fire. She raised her head:
  She spoke aloud (genius was not afraid).
The actress sat entranced, as one might seem
Who is lulled from life in some sweet, glorious dream.

"And you are poor, half starved?" at last she cried.
  "You toil a seamstress? You shall toil no more
In wretchedness. The world of art is wide:
  I'll guide you through the breakers to the shore.
Henceforth, my child, I'll never let you go;
You are a genius, whom the world shall know."

And with that word she wrecked her happiness,
  Yet knew it not till many a month was gone.
She taught the girl the secret of success,
  And how to mount to a dramatic throne.
She clothed her, filled her cup even to the brim,
And loved her dearly, chiefly from a whim.

And in return the girl became her slave,
  Worshipped her as a goddess, did her 'hest,
The prodigal treasure of a great heart gave
  Into her keeping, loving her the best
Of all things in the earth, the sea, the sky,
Forever, till she laid her down to die.

"Amy," the actress said at last, "no more
  I'll keep you from success. I long to show
The world my pupil, and to hear the roar
  Of men applauding you. So you must go
To try your fortune on the stage. We'll see
If you can't be next favorite after me."

The evening came. The house was full and gay.
  In a stage box the actress sat alone
To watch her pupil act. But as the play
  Drew near its close, and Amy's lightest tone
Was listened to with rapture, gradually
The actress grew more grave, moved restlessly,

Her heart beat loud. Her mouth was grim and set.
  She seemed on fire, and as the curtain fell,
And the house shook with cheers, her cheeks were wet
  With scalding tears. She heard her fame's death knell.
And when men said, "It's genius! It's the sun!"
Her hoarse lips sobbed, "My God! what have I done?"

One night—a taste of hell to her deep pride—
  She played to empty benches. Down the street,
Close by, Amy as *Juliet* lived and died,
  And turned crowds white with grief, and made hearts beat
With love, or hate, or pity, at her will,
Drinking of triumph's nectar sweet her fill.

The actress reached home trembling. Pale with rage
  She waited Amy's coming. 'Twas midnight
Ere the girl entered glowing from the stage
  Where she had won such glory. In the light
These two stood facing—one all flushed with pride,
The other grey with wrath unsatisfied.

"Amy," the actress said—and on the air
  Her voice smote all discordant—"oft you say
You love me. Is it true?" "As heaven!" "Take care,
  You've never proved it." "Show me but the way,
I'd die for you." "May be; but would you give
Your very breath of life for me, yet live?"

"What can you mean? I owe you all." "Yes, all.
  I made you what you are. I made you known.
I taught you, loved you, even bade you call
  Me sister, worked and slaved for you alone.
What's your return? What's my reward for this?—
Don't touch me, child; there's poison in your kiss!"

Amy grew white. "I know not what you mean.
  Ask me to prove my love by sacrifice.
But for your trust in me I still had been
  Poor, friendless, wretched—out of Paradise."

She knelt beside the actress, took her hand—
"Dear, 'tis my joy to do your least command.

"For love like mine no pain would be too great
  To suffer, and no bliss too dear to give
Up, and you know it." "None too dear? Ah! wait,
  Wait till I ask." "Ask now, for while I live
I'll keep back nothing. Listen—from my heart
I'd give up all for you, even my art."

"Give that!" "What?" "Do you hear—I'm choked with shame—
  Give up your art, it cankers all my life.
Those who applauded me now cry your name;
  Contempt, neglect cut through me like a knife.
You have snatched off my crown, usurped my throne,
Give me them back—you can, and you alone.

"Give me them back, and let me rule once more.
  Show, show your love! Give me my joy again:
You've killed it. Amy, see, I kneel, implore."
  She was rent with sobs, her wild tears fell like rain,
And Amy listened, white as death, and knew,
Deep in her heart, that each fierce word was true.

A silence fell, a silence deep as death,
  But living, thrilling, full of strife and pain.
The actress hid her face, and held her breath,
  Wrapped in the fires of scorching self-disdain,
Yet listening tensely, trembling for reply—
Cold lips touched her's. A voice just breathed "Good-bye."

The actress reigns once more. Men soon forget,
  And Amy is forgotten save by one.
She sees a palid spectre ever set
  Between her staring eyeballs and the sun—
A shadow deeper, darker, day by day,
That dims her joy, and drives her peace away.

The music plays, the brilliant footlights glare,
  And fame returns, but withered is the bay.

Through the bright gleam she sees the spectre there
  Steal nearer, nearer, each returning day;
And when the people shout, she only hears
"Good-bye!" forever echoing in her ears.

SCENE FROM HANNELE.

A DREAM POEM.

GERHART HAUPTMANN. TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

CHARACTERS:

HANNELE*	PLESCHKE } Paupers
MATTERN, the Father	HANKE } Paupers
GOTTWALD, Sch'lmaster	SISTER MARTHA, a Sister of Mercy
1st WOMAN	SEIDEL, a Forester
2d "	BERGER, Parish Overseer
3d "	SCHMIDT, Parish Officer
4th "	DR. WACHLER
5th "	THE STRANGER.

*In this and other names in which it occurs the final *e* ought to be sounded.

Scene: Room in Mattern's cottage. The SISTER OF MERCY is standing beside the bed on which HANNELE, dressed in a bridal gown and glass slippers, is lying. From the distance are heard the strains of a funeral march. The SISTER folds her hands and looks down upon HANNELE with a gentle smile; then she becomes absorbed in thought, and moves her lips in silent prayer. The strains of the funeral march have in the meantime continued without interruption. A sound as of many lightly pattering feet is heard. Presently the figure of GOTTWALD appears in the middle doorway. The funeral march ceases. GOTTWALD is dressed in black, as though for a funeral, and carries in his hand a bunch of beautiful lilies-of-the-valley. He has reverently taken off his hat and, while still on the threshold, turns to those who follow him, with a gesture commanding silence. Behind him appears his SCHOOL CHILDREN—boys and girls in their best clothes. In obedience to his gesture they stop their whispering and remain quite silent. They do not venture to cross the threshold. With solemn mien, GOTTWALD now approaches the SISTER who is still praying.

GOTTWALD [*in low voice*]. Good day, Sister Martha!
SISTER. Mr. Gottwald, God's greeting to you!

GOTT. [*looking at* HANNELE *shakes his head sadly and pityingly*]. Poor little thing!

THE SISTER. Why are you so sad, Mr. Gottwald?

GOTT. Because she is dead.

THE SISTER. We will not grieve for that; she has found peace, and for her sake I am glad.

GOTT. [*sighing*]. Yes, it is well with her. Now she is free from all trouble and sorrow.

THE SISTER [*sunk in contemplation*]. How beautiful she looks as she lies there.

GOTT. Yes, beautiful. Now that you are dead, you bloom forth in all your loveliness! She had faith and she was good. [*He heaves a deep sigh, opens hymn book and looks sadly into it.*] Ah, my heart is heavy.

THE SISTER. Because she is set free?

GOTT. Because my two flowers are withered.

THE SISTER. What flowers?

GOTT. Two violets here in my book. They are the dead eyes of my dear Hannele.

THE SISTER. In God's heaven they will bloom again far more sweetly!

GOTT. Oh, God! how much longer will our pilgrimage last through this vale of darkness and of tears? [*With a sudden change, briskly and busily, producing sheets of music.*] I thought we might begin, here in the house, by singing the hymn, "Jesus, oh, I trust in Thee." And then out in the churchyard we will sing, "Set me free." [*He turns, goes to the children and says:*] "Number 62, 'Set me free.'" [*He intones softly, beating time.*]

> "Set me free, oh, set me free,
> That I may my Jesus see."

[*The children have joined in softly.*] Come in for a moment. Look at poor little Hannele once more [*Children crowd in and range themselves solemnly round the bed.*] Just see how beautiful, death has made the poor little girl! She was huddled in rags; now she wears silken raiment. She ran about barefoot; now she has glass slippers on her feet. Soon she

will dwell in a golden palace. Here you always called her the Beggar Princess; now she will soon be a Princess in very deed. So if any of you have anything that you want to beg her pardon for, do it now, or she will tell the dear God all about it, and then it will go ill with you.

LITTLE BOY. Dear Princess Hannele, don't be angry with me, and don't tell the dear God that I always called you the Beggar Princess.

CHILDREN [*in a confused murmur*]. We are all so very, very sorry!

GOTT. So! Now poor Hannele has already forgiven you. Now go into the other room and wait for me there.

THE SISTER. Come, I'll take you into the back room, and there I'll tell you what you must do if you want to become beautiful angels, as beautiful as Hannele will soon be. [*She leads the way, children follow, the door is closed.*]

GOTT. [*lays the flowers at* HANNELE'S *feet, with emotion*]. Hannele dear, here I've brought you another bunch of beautiful lilies-of-the-valley. [*Kneeling by her bed, with trembling voice:*] Don't quite, quite forget me in your glory! [*He sobs, with face buried in the folds of her dress.*] It breaks my heart to part from you.

[Voices are heard; GOTTWALD rises and covers HANNELE with a sheet. Two OLD WOMEN, dressed for a funeral, with handkerchiefs and gilt-edged hymn books in their hands, enter softly.]

1ST W. [*looking round*]. I suppose we're the first.

2D W. No, the schoolmaster is here already. Good day, Mr. Gottwald.

GOTT. Good day.

1ST W. Ah, this'll be a sore trouble to you, Mr. Gottwald! She was such a good pupil—always industrious, always busy.

2D W. Is it true what people are saying? They say she took her own life?

3D W. [*who has entered*]. That would be a sin against the Holy Spirit. And the pastor says such a sin can never be forgiven.

GOTT. Have you forgotten what the Saviour said? "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

4TH W. [*who has entered*]. Oh, good people, good people, what weather! Its enough to freeze the feet off you! I only hope the pastor won't be too long about it. The snow is lying a yard deep in the churchyard.

5TH W. [*entering*]. The pastor is not going to bury her, good people! He's going to refuse her consecrated ground.

PLESCHKE [*appearing*]. Have you heard? have you heard? A grand gentleman has been to see the pastor—has been to see the pastor—and has told him—yes, told him—that Hannla Mattern is a blessed saint.

HANKE [*entering hastily*]. Do you know what they're bringing?—a crystal coffin!

VOICES. A crystal coffin!

SEIDEL [*entering*]. An angel has passed right through the village, as tall as a poplar tree, if you'll believe me. And two others are sitting by the smithy pond; but they're small, like little children. The girl was more than a beggar-girl.

VOICES. "The girl was more than a beggar-girl." "They're bringing a crystal coffin." "An angel has passed through the village."

[*Four white-robed youths carry in a crystal coffin, which they set down near* HANNELE'S *bed. The mourners whisper to each other, full of curiosity and astonishment.*]

GOTT. [*raising the sheet a little from* HANNELE'S *face*]. Look at the dead child, too.

1ST W. [*peering curiously under the sheet*]. Why, her hair is like gold.

GOTT. [*drawing cloth away from* HANNELE, *who is illumined with a pale light*]. And she has silken garments and glass slippers. [*All shrink back as though dazzled with exclamations of the utmost surprise.*]

VOICES. "Ah, how beautiful she is!" "Who can it be?" "Who can it be?" "Little Hannla Mattern?" "Hannla Mattern?" "No, I don't believe it!"

PLESCHKE. The girl—the girl—is a saint.

[*The four youths with tender care lay* HANNELE *in the crystal coffin.*]

HANKE. They say she isn't to be buried at all.

1ST W. Her coffin is to be set up in the church.

2D W. I believe the girl isn't really dead. She looks as alive as ever she can be.

PLESCHKE. Just give me—just give me—a down feather. We'll try—we'll try [*holding feather to her mouth*]. Yes, and we'll see—and we'll see if she still—if she's still breathing, we will. It doesn't stir. The girl is dead! She hasn't a breath of life in her!

5TH W. But where is Mattern?

2D W. Oh, he—he's sitting over there in the ale-house.

1ST W. Most like he doesn't know a word of what has happened.

2D W. He cares for nothing so long as he has his dram.

PLESCHKE. Haven't you told him then—told him—that there's a death—in his house?

3D W. He might know that without any telling.

4TH W. I don't say anything, heaven forbid! But everyone knows who has killed the girl.

SEIDEL. You're right there! The whole village, as you might say, knows that. I was there when they changed her wet clothes, and I saw it as plain as I see you. She has a lump on her as big as my fist—and that's what has killed her.

1ST W. It's Mattern must answer for her, and no one else.

ALL [*speaking all at once and vehemently, but in a whisper*]. No one else, no one else.

2D W. He's a murderer, he is.

ALL [*full of fury, but in a low tone*]. A murderer, a murderer!

[*The harsh voice of the tipsy* MATTERN *is heard.*]

MATTERN'S VOICE:

> "A con—science from all trou—ouble free
> What so—ofter pil—low can there be?"

[*He appears in the doorway and shouts.*] Hannele! Hannele! You brat! Where are you hiding? [*Staggers in, leaning against the door-jamb.*] I'll count up to five—and I'll wait not a moment longer. One, two—three and one are—I tell you, my girl, you'd better not make me wild. If I have to search for you and find you, you huzzy, I'll pound you to a jelly, I will! [*Starts as he notices the others who are present.*] What do you want here? [*No answer.*] How do you come here? Was it the devil sent you, eh? Just clear out of this, now! Well, are you going to stop all night? [*He laughs to himself.*] Wait a minute, wait a minute—I know what it is. It's nothing but that. I have a little too much in my noddle —that's what brings 'em. [*Sings.*]

> "A con—science from all trou—ouble free,
> What so—ofter pil—low can there be?"

[*Starts in fear.*] Are you still there? [*In sudden outburst of fury, looking around for something to attack them with.*] I'll take the first thing that comes handy——

[*A man has entered wearing a threadbare brown cloak. He is about thirty, has long black hair, and a pale face with the features of the schoolmaster,* GOTTWALD. *He has a slouch hat in his left hand and sandals on his feet. He appears weary and travel-stained. He touches* MATTERN *lightly on the arm, interrupting his speech.* MATTERN *turns sharply round.* THE STRANGER *looks him straight in the face, gravely and quietly.*]

STRANGER [*humbly*]. Mattern, God's greeting to you!

MAT. How have you come here? What do you want?

STRAN. [*in a tone of humble entreaty*]. I have walked till my feet are bleeding—give me water to wash them. The hot sun has parched me—give me wine to drink, and to refresh me. I have not broken bread since I set forth in the morning —I am hungry.

MAT. What's that to me? What brings you tramping round here? Go and work. I have to work, too.

STRAN. I am a workman.

MAT. You're a tramp, that's what you are. A workman need not go about begging.

STRAN. I am a workman without wages.

MAT. You're a tramp, you are.

STRAN. [*submissively, but impressively*]. I am a physician. It may be that you have need of me.

MAT. I'm all right, I don't need any doctor.

STRAN. [*his voice trembling with emotion*]. Mattern, bethink you! You need give me no water, and yet I will heal you. You may give me no bread to eat, and yet, God helping me, I will make you whole.

MAT. You get out of this! Go about your business. I have sound bones in my body. I need no doctor. Do you understand?

STRAN. Mattern, bethink you! I will wash your feet for you. I will give you wine to drink; you shall eat white bread; tread me under foot, and yet, God helping me, I will make you whole and sound.

MAT. Now will you go or will you not? If you won't get out of this, I tell you I'll——

STRAN. [*in a tone of earnest admonition*]. Mattern, do you know what you have in your house?

MAT. All that belongs there. You don't belong there. Just get out now.

STRAN. Your daughter is ill.

MAT. Her illness doesn't need any doctor. It's nothing but laziness. I can knock that out of her without your help.

STRAN. [*solemnly*]. Mattern, I come as a messenger to you.

MAT. As a messenger, eh? Whom from?

STRAN. I come from the Father—and I go to the Father. What have you done with his child?

MAT. How am I to know what's become of her? What have I to do with His children? He's never troubled about her, He hasn't.

STRAN. You have death in your house.

MAT. [*now notices* HANNELE *lying there, goes in speechless astonishment up to the coffin, and looks into it; then murmurs*]. Where have you got the beautiful clothes? Who has bought you the crystal coffin?

[*The mourners whisper to each other vehemently but softly.*

The word "Murderer!" *is heard again and again, uttered in a threatening tone.*]

MAT. [*softly, trembling*]. I've never ill-used you. I've clothed you. I've fed you. [*Turning insolently upon* THE STRANGER.] What do you want with me? What have I to do with all this?

STRAN. Mattern, have you anything to say to me? Have you nothing to reproach yourself with? Have you never torn her from her bed by night? Has she never fallen as though dead under your blows?

MAT. [*beside himself with rage*]. Strike me dead if she has —here, on the spot! Heaven's lightning blast me if I've been to blame!

[*A flash of pale blue lightning, and distant thunder.*]

ALL. "There's a thunderstorm coming!" "Right in the middle of winter!" "He's perjured himself!"

STRAN. [*impressively but kindly*]. Have you still nothing to say to me, Mattern?

MAT. [*in pitiable terror*]. Who loves his child, chastens it. I've done nothing but good to the girl. I've a right to punish her when she does wrong.

WOMEN [*advancing threateningly toward him*]. Murderer! Murderer! Murderer!

MAT. She's lied to me and cheated me. She has robbed me day by day.

STRAN. Are you speaking the truth?

MAT. God strike me—[*At this moment a cowslip—"the key of heaven"—is seen in* HANNELE'S *folded hands, emitting a yellow-green radiance.* MATTERN *stares at it as though out of his senses, trembling all over.*]

STRAN. Mattern, you are lying!

ALL [*in great excitement*]. A miracle! a miracle!

PLESCHKE. The girl—the girl—is a—a saint. He has—sworn away—body and soul.

MAT. [*shrieks*]. I'll go and hang myself! [*Clasps his head between his hands and rushes off.*]

STRAN. [*goes up to* HANNELE'S *coffin, and turns so as to face the others, who all draw back reverently from the figure which now stands, in full majesty, addressing them*]. Fear nothing.

[*He bends down and takes* HANNELE'S *hand; speaks with deep tenderness.*] The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth. [*With intensity and assured power.*] Johanna Mattern, arise!

[A green-gold radiance fills the room. HANNELE opens her eyes, and raises herself by aid of THE STRANGER'S hand, but without daring to look in his face. She steps out of the coffin, and at once sinks to the ground at the feet of the awakener. Terror seizes upon all the others, and they flee. THE STRANGER and HANNELE remain alone. The brown mantle has slipped from his shoulders and he stands in a golden-white robe.]

STRAN. [*tenderly*]. Hannele!

HANNELE [*in an ecstasy, her head bowed as low as possible*]. He is there.

STRAN. Who am I?

HAN. Thou!

STRAN. Name my name.

HAN. [*whispers, trembling with awe*]. Holy! holy!

STRAN. I know all thy sorrows and thy sufferings. Arise!

HAN. Thy robe is spotless. I am full of stains.

STRAN. [*laying his right hand on* HANNELE'S *head*]. Thus I take away all baseness from thee. [*Raising her face toward him with gentle force, he touches her eyes.*] Behold, I bestow on thine eyes eternal light. Let them be filled with the light of countless suns; with the light of endless day, from morning glow to evening glow, from evening glow to morning glow. Let them be filled with the brightness of all that shines—blue sea, blue sky, and the green plains of eternity. [*He touches her ear.*] Behold, I give to thine ear to hear all the rejoicing of all the millions of angels in the million heavens of God. [*He touches her lips.*] Behold, I set free thy tongue and lay upon it thy soul, and my soul, and the soul of God in the Highest.

[HANNELE, *her whole body trembling, attempts to rise. As though weighed down by an infinite burden of rapture, she cannot do so. In a storm of sobs and tears, she buries her head on* THE STRANGER'S *breast.*]

STRAN. With these tears I wash from thy soul all the dust and anguish of the world. I will exalt thy feet above the stars of God.

[To soft music, and stroking HANNELE'S hair with his hand, THE

STRANGER speaks as follows. As he is speaking angelic forms appear in the doorway, youths and maidens; they pause diffidently, then venture in, swinging censers and decorating the chamber with hangings and wreaths.]

STRAN. The City of the Blessèd is marvelously fair,
And peace and utter happiness are never-ending there.
[*Harps, at first played softly, gradually ring out loud and clear.*]
The houses are of marble, the roofs of gold so fine,
And down their silver channels bubble brooks of ruby wine.
The streets that shine so white, so white, are all bestrewn with flowers,
And endless peals of wedding-bells ring out from all the towers.
The pinnacles, as green as May, gleam in the morning light,
Beset with flickering butterflies, with rose-wreaths decked and dight.
Twelve milk-white swans fly round them in mazy circles wide,
And preen themselves, and ruffle up their plumage in their pride,
They soar aloft so bravely through the shining, heavenly air,
With fragrance all a-quiver and with golden trumpet-blare;
In circle-sweeps majestical forever they are winging,
And the pulsing of their pinions is like harp-strings softly ringing.
They look abroad o'er Sion, on garden and on sea,
And green and filmy streamers behind them flutter free—
And underneath them wander, throughout the heavenly land,
The people in their feast-array, forever hand in hand.
They plunge their shining bodies into the gleaming sea,
Till in the deep, clear purple they're swallowed utterly;
And when again they leap aloft rejoicing from the flood,
Their sins have all been washed away in Jesus' blessed blood.

[THE STRANGER now turns to the ANGELS, who have finished their work. They advance with timid joy and rapture, and form a half-circle round HANNELE and THE STRANGER.]

STRAN. Come, heaven's children, come with linen fine!
Softly enwrap the fragile, outworn frame

That cold has racked and fever-glow has parched,
Heedful for fear ye hurt the tender flesh;
Then sail ye forth on pulseless, sleeping wings,
Brushing the dewy meadow-grass, and bear her
Through the cool moonshine, lovingly along
Through fragrant blossom-breath of Paradise,
Till in the blissful temple-shade she rests.

[*A short pause.*]

There, while on silken bed she slumbers, mix
In the white marble bath the hill brook's water
With purple wine and milk of antelopes,
Pure essences to lave her back to health.
Break from the bushes heavy sprays of bloom,
Jasmine and lilac, drenched with morning dews,
And let their sparkling charge of crystal drops,
Fragrant and quickening, rain down upon her.
Then, with the softest silk, dry limb by limb,
As tenderly as were they lily leaves.
With wine refresh her, poured in golden goblets,
Wherein is pressed the flesh of mellow fruits—
Of strawberries, from their sun-steeped beds still warm,
Of ruby-red, sweet-blooded raspberries,
Of satin peaches, golden pineapples.
Bring yellow oranges, great glossy globes,
On silver chargers flashing mirror-like.
Stilled be her hunger; let her heart embrace
All the new morning's pomp and lavishness.
Let the proud palace-halls enchant our eyes,
While flame-winged butterflies around her flitting
Are mirrored in the floor's green malachite.
On outspread satin let her glide along
Through hyacinths and tulips—at her side
Let branching palm-trees wave their broad green fans,
Reflected in the sheen of crystal walls.
O'er fields of scarlet poppies let her gaze,
Where heaven's children play with golden balls
In the first radiance of the new-born light,

While round her heart sweet harmonies entwine.

ANGELS [*sing in chorus*]. Bear we her tenderly, lapped in our love,
Eia popeia, to heaven above,
Eia popeia, to heaven above.

[During the ANGELS' song the scene grows dark. Out of the darkness the song can be heard, fainter and fainter, more and more distant. Presently it becomes light again, and the room in the Pauper Refuge is once more seen, everything being as it was before the appearance of the first vision. HANNELE is again lying in bed, a poor, ragged child. DR. WACHLER is bending over her with the stethoscope, the SISTER OF MERCY, holding a candle for him, looks anxiously at his face. Not until now does the singing entirely die away. DR. WACHLER, standing erect, says:]

DR. WACHLER. You are right.

THE SISTER. Dead?

DR. WACHLER [*nodding mournfully*]. Dead!

BENEATH THE BEAM.

W. E. MANNING.

I LAY condemned within the murderer's cell
The eve before the morn whose dawn would tell
The waking world, that Justice in her time
Had called me forth to expiate my crime.

Those awful scenes of that eventful night
Are even now before my sleepless sight.
The wooded dell—the pale moon's silvery ray
Descending on his features as he lay
So motionless and still there at my feet,
While I was muttering low, "Revenge is sweet."
In frenzied, maddened hatred there I stood,
And calmly gazed upon my rival's blood.
Why had he sought to cheat me of the love
Which 'gainst all else in life I prized above?
Why should I let him live, to cheat and blight
My heart and home of all that makes life bright?

She loved me—yes; I know Kate loved me well
Until fresh lips began love's tale to tell.
I knew it all, I saw it day by day;
My power was losing fast its wonted sway.
And 'less the cause no longer ceased to be,
My Kate, my love, would be no more to me.
'Twas best for both our happiness I knew
That he, the cause, should cease to haunt her view,
And so I vowed that I would be his fate,
For I no longer could withstand my hate.
The rest was easy, and I chose my time,
And at one blow had done the foulest crime.
The deed was done, my rival was removed,
And I was free to win the one I loved.
I looked down on that white and upturned face,
Devoid of fear and thoughtless of disgrace;
I watched with gloating pride the life's blood flow,
And smiled to think that none would ever know
Whose hand it was that struck the fatal blow.
But like a flash the thought came to me then—
How hide the body from the gaze of men?
A chilling thrill of fear crept through my heart;
The slightest rustling leaf, too, made me start.
Then quick as thought I seized that lifeless clay
And dragged it on to where the river lay.
Then into it the luckless corpse I threw,
And watched the gliding tide bear it from view.
My deed I thought would surely secret rest
If borne from hence upon the river's breast.
In some calm, peaceful hamlet, chance, may be,
That rustic eyes that silent form would see,
And drag it forth from out its watery bier
To set the searching law a crime to clear.
But as I stood beside that flowing stream
Vague thoughts and fancies came as in a dream.
Then did I think how small chance seemed to be
Of time unravelling that mystery.
I smiled to think, as I stood there that night

How Justice would be cheated of her right.

No longer on that shimmering tide could I
That dark and silent floating mass espy.
The friendly stream had borne it from my gaze,
And I was free to trace my homeward ways.
Then 'twas I turned my back upon the stream
To start like one awakened from a dream.
Was it but fancy, made me pale and start,
And cause that thrill of fear to seize my heart ?
Or was that white, accusing form that stood
To block my path, a creature flesh and blood ?
The cold beads stood upon my throbbing brow—
The sweat of fear—a feeling strange till now;
I could not speak or move—there stood my fate,
The one calm witness of my jealous hate.
With trembling limbs and chattering teeth I knelt
Before *her*, whom I knew no mercy felt.
But vain to plead, with arms outstretched, for grace,
No pity lurked in that accusing face.
Too late, I knew my crime had been in vain—
The world once more would judge another Cain.
The lips of her whose love had caused my hate,
Would be the ones to send me to my fate—
In vain to plead, in vain now to deny;
Her love was dead—I only wished to die.

Again the court—the dreary lapse of time
As twelve good men and true review my crime;
Again her sweet, pale face, that sudden flush,
As those twelve men appear 'midst solemn hush.
Once more the sentence which pronounced my doom—
One glance from her, the rest—a fearful gloom;
And now as life's fleet moments fast decline,
I know her heart, alas! was his—not mine.

Slowly the hours drag their weary spell
As I lie wakeful in the doomed man's cell—
Sleepless, I count each hour that comes and goes;
Fearless, but racked by deep remorseful throes.

Why live when her dear heart beats love no more?
A moment's pain, and then—all will be o'er.
The clock chimes seven—one hour, and then the end;
Thank God, no crowd its morbid gaze will bend
Upon me as I tread the path between
My prison cell, and that last moment's scene.
The bell begins to toll, the time draws near—
The cell door opens wide, the hangman's here;
Quickly I'm strapped, and then our steps we wend
Toward the fatal shed where all will end.
The white cap shuts my gaze, I heave deep sighs—
The noose is round my neck—I close my eyes;
I stand upon the trap beneath the beam—
Then with a shriek, *wake from a fearful dream!*

"DISTRICT NO. 9."

FRANK MORGAN IMBRIE.

HAVE you heard the news from Crawfordsville?
Haven't? 'Tis only a simple line:
"Barbara Freitchie is living again
Down in the swamps of District Nine."
"Living again?" Just wait. You shall hear
Of a Hoosier girl, with a Spartan will,
Who hoisted the dear old Stars and Stripes
Over the schoolhouse in Crawfordsville.
Toss your caps, comrades! Fall into line!
Hurrah for the schoolmarm of District Nine!

"A Hoosier?" Well, yes. You shall see the flame
Burn on her cheeks like a lover's kiss!
'Twas something to hear it, that grand young voice,
Hurl back the threat in the rebel hiss:
"My father died for the Stars and Stripes,
And I will, if need be; *his* flag is *mine!*
Touch it who dares! It is there to stay

Over the schoolhouse of District Nine!"
Wave you caps, comrades! Now! with a will:
"Three cheers for the champion of Crawfordsville!"

That blood in her cheeks? Why, 'twas handed down
Intact from a stanch old warrior line:
'Twas Caleb Connors who lived that day
In the little schoolmarm of District Nine.
You thought he slept on a Southern field?
True. But the heart the rebel shot
Robbed of its loyal blood awoke
In the heart of his daughter, fierce and hot!
Bare your heads, soldiers! Greet, with a will
Brave Emma Connors, of Crawfordsville!

Brave? I should say so! They cut the proud staff
As it floated "Old Glory." Ah, boys, when it fell
She heard it. Somehow, when I try to tell
I can hear the "hiss" in the rebel yell!
She heard it—a slender strip of a girl;
For a minute—d'ye wonder?—her spirit sunk;
The next—God bless her!—she rose in the might
Of young America's grit and spunk:
"My life for the flag! Haul it down, if you will!
There's powder for sale in Crawfordsville!"

Plucky, wasn't it? You remember the war?
She was a babe, just a few weeks old.
Her father, with blood on the Union blue,
With blood in the glint of the Union gold,
Fell 'mong the heroes. That is the stuff—
And blood will tell! From her grandsire's veins
Run the rich flood—'twas at Monterey—
That purpled old Mexico's arid plains.
Sound the call, veterans! Fall in line!
There's a born young leader at District Nine!

Yes, it does tell. Just a century since—
'Twas "Yankee Doodle" that held the boards—
Stalwart and trusty, a patriot sire

Fell with his face to the British hordes.
The same blood. They took their muskets to church:
She puts hers there, in a niche in the wall,
Ready for action, primed for surprise,
Loaded with powder, with shot and ball.
Hurrah for the hero of Brandywine!
Hurrah for the hero of District Nine!

Yes, it was plucky. That's why I forget.
And, boys, there's danger alurk in the land!
Where are the "hay-foot, straw-foot" drills in the heart
That leap with a deadly force to the hand.
D'ye hear the lash on that jaded horse?
Something's astir. "Histe a flag over thar
At our schoolhouse? Why, she 'lowed she would—
The tarnation catamount! Would she *dare?*"
Dare? D-a-r-e? I believe it, until
Paved with the traitors is Crawfordsville!

The old flag insulted—pulled down! And a girl
Set it afloat? With a stout, loyal lad,
Each a hand on the cord, up went the old flag;
Up to the breeze it swung, starry and glad.
I'll guarantee, comrades, the thing has life.
See it exult! How it snaps! Why, the yell
Of a hundred rebels can't down it; its noise
Is as lofty as heaven and as deep as hell.
Light up your bivouacs, signal until
They answer the rally in Crawfordsville!

D'ye hear the bustle? There's something astir
In the little village of Crawfordsville!
"Hay-foot, straw-foot!" D'ye hear them come?
It makes the very old earth stand still.
There is "Old Glory" hoisted aloft!
See how it flashes, and flickers, and floats!
Three cheers for the old flag! Split the free air
With the triple bass of a thousand throats!
Swing your blue caps, down the lengthening line!
Three cheers for the schoolmarm of District Nine!

EULOGY OF WALT WHITMAN.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

WALT WHITMAN is no more. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock and in an instant hear the billows roar—a sunken ship. For, whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the further shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy—as sad, and deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word.

Walt Whitman's fame is secure. He laid the foundation of it deep in the human heart. He was, above all that I have known, the poet of humanity, of sympathy. Great he was—so great that he rose above the greatest that he met, without arrogance, and so great that he stooped to the lowest without condescension. He never claimed to be lower or greater than any other of the sons of man. He came into our generation a free, untrammelled spirit, with sympathy for all. His arm was beneath the form of the sick. He sympathized with the imprisoned and despised, and even on the brow of crime he was great enough to place the kiss of human sympathy. One of the greatest lines in our literature is this. Speaking of an outcast—and the line is great enough to do honor to the greatest genius that has ever lived—he said, "Not until the sun excludes you will I exclude you."

He was the poet of life. It was a joy to him simply to

breathe. He loved the clouds. He enjoyed the breath of morning, the twilight, the wind, the winding streams. He loved to look at the sea when the wind and the waves burst into the white caps of joy. He loved the fields, the hills. He was acquainted with trees, with birds, with all the beautiful objects on the earth. And he saw not only those objects, but understood their meaning. And he used them that he might exhibit his heart to his fellowmen.

He was also the poet of love. He was not ashamed of that divine passion that has built every home in the world—that divine passion that has painted every picture and given us every real great work of art—that divine passion that has made the world worth living in, and gives some value to human life. He was the poet of the natural, and taught men not to be ashamed of that which is natural.

He was not only the poet of love, not only the poet of democracy, not only the poet of the Great Republic—he was the poet of the human race everywhere. He has uttered more supreme words than any writer of our century, and possibly of almost any other. He was, above all things, a man. And above genius, above all the snow-capped peaks of intelligence, above all of art, rises the true man—greater than all. He was a true man. And he walked among his fellowmen as such.

He was also, as has been said, the poet of death. He accepted all—life and death. And he justified all. He had the courage to meet all, and was great enough and splendid enough to harmonize all, and to accept all there is of life as a divine melody. To-day we give back to Mother Nature, to her clasp and kiss, one of the bravest, sweetest souls that ever lived in human clay. I loved him living, and I love him still. And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was—there is—no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

AVENGED!

ALFRED BERLYN.

READ me no more—leave me, for pity's sake—
You do but mock me with your texts and prayers!
You come to comfort me? to speak to me
Of pardon and of peace? Ah, sir, forbear—
You know not what you do! Comfort to me?
There is no word in all that holy Book
Can whisper peace into my restless soul—
No blessing that your sacred office yields
Can give me pardon in this weary world,
Or in the world beyond. Yet you are kind—
Indeed, I am not thankless; stay awhile,
If you can bear with me, and hear me out;
Then hate me, spurn me, curse me, if you will,
But do not seek to comfort me again!

How can I tell you of the bygone days
When life was one long, happy holiday,
And sunny hours of fleeting gladness sped
That knew no chilling cloud of grief or pain!
Yes, I was happy once. Sometimes in dreams
I wander through the peaceful village street,
The little world that bounded in my life,
And from the doorway of our cottage home,
My gentle, grey-haired mother's patient face
Smiles a sweet welcome on her only child.
Ah, me—those happy days! Why did he come
To steal away the sunshine of my life
And quench it in the rain of bitter tears!
I loved him, aye, I loved him, and he lied;
And when the golden sea of harvest rolled
Over the land once more, it left behind
A broken wreck of honor, love and hope,
A ruined life—a tiny, nameless grave.

So the grey months of sullen sadness passed,
While the twin vultures of Despair and Shame
Gnawed ever at my heart, and, day by day,
In silent grief and unreproachful love
My broken-hearted mother pined and wept.
But when the winter brightened into spring,
There crept a village whisper in my ear
That he was coming back; and my despair
Glowed into fury as the rumor grew
That he was coming to bring home his bride.
They came—I marked them pass our blighted home,
She looking lovingly into his face,
And he caressing her with that false smile
That once had lied to me; and as they passed,
A thousand devils leapt within my heart,
And by my nameless babe's unhallowed grave,
I swore to be avenged upon them both.

So passed a year; and on the selfsame day
Their child was born—his child and hers—I stood
And held my dying mother's hand, and heard
Her last forgiving words of gentle love,
And, weeping, closed her tear-worn eyes in rest.
Despised, dishonored, friendless and alone!
My cup of bitterness had overflowed;
And, with an aching heart, I left the home
Where all my life had passed, and hid my shame
Amid strange faces in the town hard by.

Then lagged the months in sullen loneliness;
But still my purpose faltered not, for still
The demons never slept within my heart,
Whose whispered poison throbbed through every pulse—
"Revenge—your child—revenge!" And while I schemed
Behold the hours of one more dreary year
Outran my tardy purpose. Then came news
Of fever in the village; and anon
I knew that he was dead. But they lived yet;

The avenging hand that laid one victim low
Had spared the mother and the child for me.

The autumn mists lay dank above the fields,
The dead brown leaves swirled fitful in the fitful breeze,
The autumn twilight deepened into night,
As, with my vengeance ripened in my heart,
I sought the village that had been my home,
And, listening, stood within her cottage door.
The door was open—but the lights were low.
Nor on my ear fell any sound of life.
Then, with the guilty footsteps of a thief
I stole into the parlor, where the babe
Lay in its tiny cot against the wall,
And on the table some half-finished work
Told of the watching mother, called away
On some brief errand while her baby slept.
"'Tis well!" I cried, "the devil prospers me!"
Then seized the sleeping babe within my arms
And fled into the darkness, pausing not
Until I stood within the lonely fields
Where, through the chilly curtain of the mist,
The village lights gleamed faint and far away.
Around me, all was stillness, save the wind
Sighing dead summer's dirge amid the trees,
No sound disturbed the silence; till the babe,
Awake and shivering within my arms,
Sent forth a wailing cry that drove me on
Whither some demon finger beckoned me—
A dark and stagnant pool, o'ergrown with weeds,
Whose muddy depths, thick with a noisome slime,
Breathed forth contagion to the air around.
Avenged! avenged!—the devils at my heart
Leapt at the word! But, lo! the helpless babe
Put forth its tiny hand and touched my face
As with a soft caress. Long time I stood
Immovable, beside the water's brink;
Then slowly, slowly turned and crept away

The baby hand still pressed against my cheek,
And passed into the shadow of the night.

The icy breath of morn swept from the hills,
The rosy light flushed faintly in the east.
But still, as in a dream, I wandered on;
And as the child lay trembling at my breast,
Moaning with pain, and fighting for its breath,
The fire of vengeance that had scorched my heart,
Sank into lifeless ashes, and there woke
A mighty longing and a sickening fear.
And all that day I hid from human eye,
Save when I sought a lonely wayside farm
For food to give the child, that only moaned
And drooped and pined, and shivered in my arms.

The sombre shadows of another night
Were darkening o'er the meadows, as I stole
Back through the peaceful lanes I knew so well,
Till, with the babe still clasped against my breast,
I reached the churchyard gate. The fleeting clouds
Passed from the silver pathway of the moon,
Whose ghostly ray fell on a new-made grave;
And, kneeling by its side, with white, wan face
And streaming eyes, behold! a woman prayed.
The chill night breeze came whispering idly past,
Bearing upon its wing the piteous cry,
"God, send me back my child—my little child!"
And as the mother in her anguish knelt
By the dead father's grave, I felt the babe
That lay upon my bosom start and stir,
Then draw one long, convulsive, shuddering breath,
And stiffen in my arms; and while I prayed
That death might strike me too, yet once again
That other prayer came floating through the night,
"God, give me back my child—my little child!"

But all at once the woman raised her head
And looked toward the gate—then with a scream

Of wild, delirious joy, she bounded forth.
"My prayer is heard—thank God! my prayer is heard!
My babe—you bring my babe—my little child!
God bless you! God reward you!" And she knelt
And kissed my hands, and clung about my knees,
Then caught my lifeless burden in her arms
And gazed upon its face—and as I turned
And fled into the shadow, there arose
Upon the night a shrill and piercing cry,
A cry of utter, desolate despair,
Whose deathless wail sounds ever in my ear
Its note of dreadful doom: Accursed! accursed!
No peace in life or death—for at the last
A babe's soft hand shall thrust me down from Heaven,
And through the awful realms of endless woe
A mother's cry shall ring forevermore!

SALAMMBO'S APPEAL.

FLAUBERT.

"SPEAK!" said the high priest of Tanit. "What do you wish?"

"I hoped—you have as much as promised me—" Salammbo stammered, half disconcerted, then suddenly continued: "Why do you despise me? What have I neglected in the rites? You are my teacher, and you have said to me that no person understands better than I the mysteries of the goddess; but there are some which you do not wish to tell me. Is not this true, O father?"

Schahabarim recalled the orders of Hamilcar concerning his daughter's education, and responded: "No! I have nothing more to teach you."

"A spirit," she resumed, "urges me to this adoration. I have climbed the steps of Eschmoun, god of the planets and intelligences; I have slept under the golden olive tree of Melkarth, patron of all Tyrian colonies; I have pushed open

the gates of Baal-Khamoun, source of light and fertilization; I have sacrificed to the subterranean Cabari; to the gods of the winds, the rivers, the woods, and of the mountains;—but all were too far, too high, too insensible. You understand? Whereas Tanit mingles in my life, she fills my soul and I tremble with internal dartings, as if she struggled to escape the confines of my body. It seems to me that I shall hear her voice, behold her face. A brightness dazzles me, then I fall back again into the shadows."

MRS. WOFFINGTON'S PORTRAIT.

CHARLES READE.

[Mabel Vane sees the supposed portrait of her rival, Mrs. Woffington, in Triplet's studio. The canvas has been cut, and the lady's face is seen in the aperture. Mabel appeals to what she believes to be the counterfeit presentment of the actress.]

AT this moment, in spite of Triplet's precaution, Mrs. Vane, casting her eye accidentally round, caught sight of the picture, and instantly started up, crying, "She is there!" Triplet was thunderstruck. "What a likeness!" cried she, and moved toward the supposed picture.

"Don't go to it!" cried Triplet, aghast; "the color is wet."

She stopped; but her eye and her very soul dwelt upon the supposed picture; and Triplet stood quaking. "How like! It seems to breathe. You are a great painter, sir. A glass is not truer."

Triplet, hardly knowing what he said, muttered something about "critics and lights and shades."

"Then they are blind!" cried Mabel, never for a moment removing her eye from the object. "Tell me not of lights and shades. The pictures I see have a look of paint; but yours looks like life. Oh, that she were here, as this *wonderful* image of her is! I would speak to her. I am not

wise or learned; but orators never pleaded as I would plead to her for my Ernest's heart." Still her eye glanced upon the picture; she sank slowly down and stretched her clasped hands toward it, while sobs and words seemed to break direct from her bursting heart. "Oh, yes! you are beautiful, you are gifted, and the eyes of thousands wait upon your every word and look. What wonder that he, ardent, refined, and genial, should lay his heart at your feet? And I have nothing but my love to make him love me. I cannot take him from you. Oh, be generous to the weak! Oh, give him back to me! What is one heart more to you? You are so rich, and I am so poor that without his love I have nothing and can do nothing but sit down and cry till my heart breaks. Give him back to me, beautiful, terrible woman! for, with all your gifts, you cannot love him as his poor Mabel does; and I will love you longer, perhaps, than men can love. I will kiss your feet, and heaven above will bless you; and I will bless you and pray for you to my dying day. Ah! it is alive! I am frightened! I am frightened!" She ran to Triplet and seized his arm. "No!" cried she, quivering close to him; "I'm not frightened, for it was for me she—Oh Mrs. Woffington!" and, hiding her face on Mr. Triplet's shoulder, she blushed and wept and trembled.

What was it had betrayed Mrs. Woffington? A tear!

During the whole of this interview she had passed through a hundred emotions, as the young, innocent wife told her sad and simple story. But, anxious now above all things to escape without being recognized—for she had long repented having listened at all, or placed herself in her present position—she fiercely mastered her countenance; but, though she ruled her features, she could not rule her heart. And when the young wife, instead of inveighing against her, came to her as a supplicant, with faith in her goodness, and sobbed to her for pity, a big tear rolled down her cheek, and proved her something more than a picture or an actress.

Mrs. Woffington came instantly from her frame, and stood before them in a despairing attitude, with one hand upon her brow. For a single moment her impulse was to fly from the

apartment, so ashamed was she of having listened, and of meeting her rival in this way; but she conquered this feeling, and, as soon as she saw Mrs. Vane, too, had recovered some composure, she said to Triplet, in a low but firm voice:

"Leave us, sir. No living creature must hear what I say to this lady!"

Triplet remonstrated, but Mrs. Vane said, faintly:

"Oh, yes, good Mr. Triplet, I would rather you left me."

"Be composed, ladies," said he, piteously; "neither of you could help it," and entered his inner room.

In the room he had left there was a long, uneasy silence. Both ladies were greatly embarrassed. It was the actress who spoke first. All trace of emotion, except a certain pallor, was driven from her face. She spoke with very marked courtesy, but in tones that seemed to freeze as they dropped one by one from her mouth.

"I trust, madam, you will do me the justice to believe I did not know Mr. Vane was married?"

"I am sure of it!" said Mabel, warmly. "I feel you are as good as you are gifted."

"Mrs. Vane, I am not!" said the other, almost sternly. "You are deceived!"

"Then heaven have mercy on me! No! I am not deceived; you pitied me. You speak coldly now; but I know your face and your heart—you pity me!"

"I do respect, admire and pity you," said Mrs. Woffington, sadly; "and I could consent nevermore to communicate with your—with Mr. Vane."

"Ah!" cried Mabel; "heaven will bless you! But will you give me back his heart?"

"How can I do that?"

"The magnet can repel as well as attract. Can you not break your own spell? What will his presence be to me, if his heart remain behind?"

"You ask much of me."

"Alas! I do."

"But I could do even this." She paused for breath. "And

perhaps if you, who have not only touched my heart, but won my respect, were to say to me, 'Do so,' I should do it." Again she paused, and spoke with difficulty; for the bitter struggle took away her breath. "Mr. Vane thinks better of me than I deserve. I have—only—to make him believe me —worthless—worse than I am—and he will drop me like an adder—and love you better, far better—for having known—admired—and despised Margaret Woffington."

"Oh!" cried Mabel, "I shall bless you every hour of my life." Her countenance brightened into rapture at the picture, and Mrs. Woffington's darkened with bitterness as she watched her.

But Mabel reflected. "Rob you of your good name?" said this pure creature. "Ah, Mabel Vane! you think but of yourself."

"I thank you, madam," said Mrs. Woffington, a little touched by this unexpected trait; "but someone must suffer here, and—"

Mabel Vane interrupted her. "This would be cruel and base," said she firmly. "No woman's forehead shall be soiled by me. O madam! beauty is admired, talent is adored; but virtue is a woman's crown. With it the poor are rich; without it, the rich are poor. It walks through life upright, and never hides its head for high or low."

Her face was as the face of an angel now; and the actress, conquered by her beauty and her goodness, actually bowed her head and gently kissed the hand of the country wife whom she had quizzed a few hours ago.

"This would be to assassinate you; no less. And so, madam," she sighed, "with God's help I do refuse your offer; choosing rather, if needs be, to live desolate, but innocent—many a better than I hath lived so—ay! if God wills it, to die, with my hopes and my heart crushed, but my hands unstained; for so my humble life has passed."

At the bottom of Margaret Woffington's heart lay a soul, unknown to the world, scarce known to herself—but still it was there, in tune with all that is true, pure, really great and good. And now the flush that a great heart sends to the

brow, to herald great actions, came to her cheek and brow.

"What a fiend I must be could I injure you! The poor heart we have both overrated shall be yours again, and yours forever. In my hands it is painted glass; in the lustre of a love like yours it may become a priceless jewel." She turned her head away and pondered a moment, then suddenly offered her hand with nobleness and majesty. "Can you trust me?"

"I could trust you with my life!" was the reply.

"Ah! if I might call you friend, dear lady, what would I not do—suffer—resign—to be worthy that title!"

"No, not friend!" cried the warm, innocent Mabel; "sister! I will call you sister. I have no sister."

"Sister!" said Mrs. Woffington. "Oh, do not mock me! Alas! you do not know what you say. That sacred name to me, from lips so pure as yours! Mrs. Vane," said she timidly, "would you think me presumptuous if I begged you to—to let me kiss you?"

The words were scarce spoken before Mrs. Vane's arms were wreathed round her neck, and that innocent cheek laid sweetly to hers.

Mrs. Woffington burst into a passion of tears and clasped Mabel tighter and tighter, in a half-despairing way. Mabel mistook the cause, but she kissed her tears away.

"Dear sister," said she, "be comforted. I love you. My heart warmed to you the first moment I saw you. A woman's love and gratitude are something. Ah! you will never find me change. This is for life, look you."

"God grant it!" cried the other. "Oh, it is not that, it is not that; it is because I am so little worthy of this. It is a sin to deceive you. I am not good like you. You do not know me!"

"You do not know yourself if you say so!" cried Mabel; and to her hearer the words seemed to come from heaven. "I read faces," said Mabel. "I read yours at sight, and you are what I set you down; and nobody must breathe a word against you, not even yourself. Do you think I am blind? You are beautiful, you are good, you are my sister, and I love you!"

HOW GAVIN BIRSE PUT IT TO MAG LOWNIE.

J. M. BARRIE.

ONE wet day the rain gathered in blobs on the road that passed our garden. Then it crawled into the cart-tracks until the road was streaked with water. The water gathered in heavy yellow pools, and clods of earth toppled from the garden dyke into the ditch. Even the dulseman had gone into shelter, and the women scudded by with their wrappers over their heads, when Gavin Birse came to our door. Gavin, who was the Glen Quharity post, was still young, but had never been quite the same man since some amateurs in the glen ironed his back for rheumatism. I thought he had called to have a crack with me. He sent his compliments up to the attic, however, by Leeby, and would I come and be a witness ?

Gavin came up and explained. He had taken off his scarf and thrust it into his pocket, lest the rain should take the color out of it. His boots cheeped, and his shoulders had risen to his ears. He stood steaming before my fire.

"If it's no' ower muckle to ask ye," he said, "I would like ye for a witness."

"A witness! But for what do you need a witness, Gavin ?"

"I want ye," he said, "to come wi' me to Mag's and be a witness."

Gavin Birse and Mag Lownie had been engaged for a year or more.

"You don't mean to tell me, Gavin," I asked, "that your marriage is to take place to-day ?"

By the twist of his mouth I saw that he was only deferring a smile.

"Far frae that," he said.

"Ah, then, you have quarreled, and I am to speak up for you?"

"Na, na," he said, "I dinna want ye to do that, above all

things. It would be a favor if ye could gie me a bad character."

This beat me, and, I dare say, my face showed it.

"I'm no' juist what ye would call anxious to marry Mag noo," said Gavin. "There's a lassie oot at Craigiebuckle workin' on the farm—Jeanie Luke by name. Ye may hae seen her?"

"What of her?" I asked, severely.

"Weel, I'm thinkin' noo 'at I would rather hae her. Ay, I thocht I like Mag uncommon till I saw Jeanie, an' I like her fine yet, but I prefer the other ane. That state o' matters canna gang on forever, so I came into Thrums the day to settle't ane wy or another."

"And how do you propose going about it? It is a somewhat delicate business."

"Ou, I see nae great difficulty in't. I'll speir at Mag, blunt oot, if she'll let me aff. Yes, I'll put it to her plain."

"You're sure Jeanie would take you?"

"Ay; oh, there's nae fear o' that."

"But if Mag keeps you to your bargain?"

"Weel, in that case, there's nae harm done."

"You are in a great hurry, Gavin?"

"Ye may say that; but I want to be married. The wifie I lodge wi' canna last lang, an' I would like to settle doón in some place."

"So you are on your way to Mag's now?"

"Ay, we'll get her in atween twal' and ane."

"Oh, yes; but why do you want me to go with you?"

"I want ye for a witness. If she winna let me aff, weel an' guid; an' if she will, it's better to hae a witness, in case she should go back on her word."

Gavin made his proposal briskly, and as coolly as if he were only asking me to go fishing; but I did not accompany him to Mag's. He left the house to look for another witness, and about an hour afterward passed with Tammas Haggart. Tammas cried in during the evening to tell us how the mission prospered.

"Mind ye," said Tammas, "I disclaim all responsibility

in the business. I ken Mag weel for a thrifty, respectable woman, as her mither was afore her, an' so I said to Gavin when he came to speir me. He took what I said in guid part; but aye when I stopped speakin' to draw breath, he says, 'The question is, will ye come wi' me?' He was michty made up in 's mind."

"Weel, ye went wi' him," suggested Jess, who wanted to bring Tammas to the point.

"Ay," said the stone-breaker, "but no in sic a hurry as that. Fowk often say 'at 'am quick beyond the ordinar' in seein' the humorous side o' things."

Here Tammas paused and looked at us.

"So ye are, Tammas; but what aboot Mag?"

"We wasna that length, was we?" said Tammas. "Na, we was speakin' aboot the humorous side. Ay, wait a wee, I didna mention the humorous side for naething."

"Oh, yes," he said, at last, brightening up. "I was sayin' to ye hoo quick I was to see the humorous side o' onything. Ay, then, what made me say that was 'at in a clink I saw the humorous side o' Gavin's position."

"Man, man, an' what is't?"

"Oh, it's this: there's somethin' humorous in speirin' a woman to let ye aff so as ye can be married to another woman."

"Did she let him aff?" asked Jess.

"I'm comin' to that. Gavin proposes to me, after I had ha'en my laugh——"

"Yes," cried Hendry, banging the table with his fist, "it has a humorous side. Ye're richt again, Tammas."

"Gavin wanted me to tak paper an' ink an' a pen wi' me, to write the proceedin's doon, but I said, 'Na, na; I'll tak paper, but nae ink nor nae pen, for there'll be ink an' a pen there.' That was what I said."

"An' did she let him aff?"

"Weel, aff we goes to Mag's hoose, an' sure enough Mag was in. She was alane, too; so Gavin, no to waste time, juist sat down for politeness' sake, an' sune rises up again; an' says he, 'Marget Lownie, I hae a solemn question to

speir at ye, namely this, Will you, Marget Lownie, let me, Gavin Birse, aff?' "

"Mag would start at that?"

"Sal, shé was braw an' cool. I thocht she maun hae got wind o' his intentions aforehand, for she juist replies, quiet-like, 'Hoo do ye want aff, Gavin?'

"'Because,' says he, like a book, 'my affections has undergone a change.'

"'Ye mean Jean Luke,' says Mag.

"'That is wha I mean,' says Gavin very straitforrard."

"But she didna let him aff, did she?"

"Na, she wasna the kind. Says she, 'I wonder to hear ye, Gavin, but 'am no goin' to agree to naething o' that sort."

"'Think it ower,' says Gavin.

"'Na, my mind's made up,' said she.

"'Ye would sune get anither man,' he says, earnestly.

"'Hoo do I ken that?' she speirs—rale sensibly, I thocht, for men's no sae easy to get.

"'Am sure o' 't,' Gavin says, wi' michty conviction in his voice, 'fór ye're bonny to look at, an' weel kent for bein' a guid body.'

"'Ay,' says Mag, 'I'm glad ye like me, Gavin, for ye have to tak me.'

"He was loth to gie in, so he says, 'Ye think 'am a fine character, Marget Lownie, but ye're very far mista'en. I wouldna wonder but what I was lossin' my place some o' thae days, an' syne whaur would ye be? Marget Lownie,' he goes on, ''am naturally lazy an' fond o' the drink. As sure as ye stand there, 'am a reg'lar deevil!' "

"That was strong language, but he would be wantin' to fleg [frighten] her?"

"Juist so, but he didna manage 't, for Mag says: 'We a' ha'e oor faults, Gavin, an', deevil or no deevil, ye're the man for me!'

"Gavin thocht a bit, an' syne he tries her on a new tack. 'Marget Lownie,' he says, 'ye're father's an auld man noo, an' he has naebody but yersel' to look after him. I'm

thinkin' it would be kind o' cruel o' me to tak ye awa frae him.'

"Mag wouldna be ta'en in wi' that. Says she, 'Hae nae fear on that score, Gavin; my father's fine willin' to spare me!'"

"An' that ended it?"

"Ay, that ended it."

"Did ye tak it doon in writin'?" asked Hendry.

"There was nae need," said Tammas, handing round his snuff-mull. "No, I never touched paper. When I saw the thing was settled, I left them to their coortin'. They're to tak a look at Snecky Hobart's auld hoose the nicht. It's to let."

NOTES ON AUTHORS.

Anderson, Alexander (1845—).—Born in Scotland. As "Surfaceman," he is well known to all readers of contemporary Scottish verse. Alone, perhaps, in the native melody of "Surfaceman" is that most distinctive form of Scottish poetical composition—the vernacular song—heard once more. And to "Surfaceman"—to Mr. Anderson—belongs a further distinction of a peculiarly winning character. He has written the ideal poem of the nursery. His "Cuddle Doon" has just the touch of tenderness, which, with all their wonderful and delightful reconstruction of child-life, we miss from the nursery poems of William Miller and of R. L. Stevenson. Scotland has already made his masterpiece quite her own, as much her own, indeed, as she has made Burns' songs. There is scarcely a cottage, in the southern half of the country, at least, where "Cuddle Doon" is not a "household word,"—an item in the little hoard of things of beauty, of humor, and of tenderness, spontaneously treasured by the Scottish peasant for his almost unconscious delectation. Surely to have achieved so much is to have achieved immortality—not, indeed, in its grandest, but in one of its fairest forms. His principal poetical publications are: "The Song of Labor, and other Poems," 1873; "The Two Angels, and other Poems," 1875; "Ballads and Sonnets," 1880.

Barrie, James Matthew (1860—).—Born at Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, Scotland, on May 9. Only a part of Mr. Barrie's boyhood was spent in Kirriemuir. At an early age he went to Dumfries, where he was a pupil in the Dumfries Academy. At eighteen Mr. Barrie entered Edinburgh University. In 1882 he graduated. In February, 1883, he found himself installed as leader writer to the *Nottingham Journal*, an English provincial paper. Although he was not editor, he was allowed to write as much as he pleased and practically what he pleased. During the last months of his stay in Nottingham, Mr. Barrie had begun to send articles to the London papers. The first of these was published by Mr. Stead, then editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In March, 1888, "Auld Licht Idyls," was published. "When a Man's Single" was published in September, 1888. The story was originally published in *The British Weekly*, but, as his manner is, Mr. Barrie made great changes in revising it for publication. His writings in this paper are always signed "Gavin Ogilvy." "A Window in Thrums," was published in May, 1889. "My Lady Nicotine," reprinted from the *St. James Gazette*, was published in April, 1890. "The Little Minister," was published in 1891, and had reached its fortieth edition in January, 1894. It is acknowledged to be his best book. Mr. Barrie has also written a comedy entitled "The Professor's Love Story," which has been successfully produced by Mr. E. S. Willard.

Chandler, Alfred T. (1852—).—Born at Geelong, Victoria. He is a journalist, on the *South Australian Advertiser*, and on the Hansard staff, Adelaide. His volume, from which our quotation has been made, "A Bush Idyll, and other Poems," has established him as the first living poet of South Australia, and gives promise of a lasting reputation.

De Leuville, Marquis.—Born in England, but of French descent, and is possessor of a French title. He is both a character and a genius,

and is as well known in Rome or New York as in Paris and London. He is a poet, a painter, a writer for the press, and one of the best swordsmen and pistol shots in Europe. His poems, entitled "Entre Nous," have attracted the notice of the press of three continents, and have already run through ten editions. He is a great traveler, of a restless spirit, and, overflowing with romantic notions of chivalry and honor, he has been in many a scrape, and has fought not a few duels.

Flaubert, Gustave (1821—1880).—A French novelist. His first novel, "Madame Bovary," appeared in 1857. "Salammbo," the author's greatest work, was published in 1862. It is founded upon the revolt, under Spendius, of the Barbarian followers of Hamilcar Barca, after the first Punic war, their siege of Carthage, and their terrible punishment. The heroine of the tale is Salammbo, the daughter of Hamilcar, whose story has been grafted by the author on the historical foundation. Among Flaubert's other works are: "The Temptation of St. Anthony," 1874; "Herodias," "St. Julian, the Hospitaller," and "A Simple Heart," 1877; "Bouvard et Pécuchet," 1880, completed a few weeks before his death.

Frost, Thomas.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Gordon, Adam Lindsay (1833–1870).—Born at Fayal, in the Azores; educated at Cheltenham College, Woolwich, and Oxford. Emigrated to S. Australia about 1851, and became the best amateur steeple-chase rider in the colonies. Published three volumes of poems, "Sea Spray and Smoke Drift," "Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes," and "Ashtaroth: a Dramatic Lyric," which have since been collected into one volume, which has gone through several editions. He published his last volume of poems in 1868. Gordon is the national poet—the Burns of Victoria. His sayings are proverbs, and his name is a household word. *The Cheltenham Examiner* says: "That monetary difficulties beset him to the end is well known to his friends, and his inability to raise even £50 on his works when printed and complete was the last feather that broke the camel's back." He died by his own rifle, June 24.

Hardy, Thomas (1840—).—An English novelist, born in Dorsetshire. In 1871 he published his first novel, "Desperate Remedies," which was followed by "Under the Greenwood Tree," 1872; "A Pair of Blue Eyes," 1873; and numerous minor tales. "Far from the Madding Crowd," 1874; was a great success Among his later works are, "The Hand of Ethelberta, a Comedy in Chapters," "The Return of the Native," "The Trumpet Major," "Two on a Tower," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "The Woodlanders," "Wessex Tales," "Group of Noble Dames," and several others. All of Mr Hardy's later books have been well received.

Jerrold, Douglas William (1803–1857).—Born and died in London. His father was the manager of a small provincial theatre. In 1818 the son was apprenticed to the printer of a newspaper. "More Frightened than Hurt," his first comedy, was produced in 1821; and he was engaged as a writer for the paper upon which he had worked as a printer. His drama, "Black-Eyed Susan," produced in 1829, ran more than 300 nights. Upon the establishment of *Punch*, in 1841, he became one of its favorite contributors. Subsequently he became editor of *Lloyd's*

Weekly Newspaper. He wrote some thirty or forty dramas, most of which had a fair temporary success upon the stage. "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," reprinted from *Punch*, is his best known book.

Martin, Arthur Patchett (1850—).—Born at Woolwich, went to Australia in 1852. Educated at C. E. School, St. Mark's, Fitzroy, and Melbourne University. Founded with others the *Melbourne Review*, the first number of which appeared January, 1876, and which has proved the most successful as well as the most ambitious of Australian periodicals; was editor of it for six years. He published "Sweet Girl Graduate" and "An Easter Omelette," both containing original poems, in 1878; "Lays of To-day or Verses in Jest and Earnest," in 1881 (republished in London, in 1885); "Fernshawe—Sketches in Prose and Verse," in 1885, was most favorably received by the press. In an article in *Temple Bar* entitled "An Australian Poet," he introduced Adam Lindsay Gordon to the London public. Mr. Martin is one of the very best Australian writers, but, unfortunately, too busy with journalism to be able to devote the proper time to literature. His qualities as a critic and an essayist have won for him the name "The Australian R. L. Stevenson."

Nesbit, E.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Ogilvy, Gavin.—See James M. Barrie.

Procter, Adelaide Anne.—For sketch see No. 6 of this series.

Scott, Clement (1841—).—Born at Christ Church Parsonage, Hoxton, and educated at Marlborough College, Wiltshire. His first poem, "The Wreck of the Royal Charter," written while at school, appeared in the Marlborough *Times*. On quitting college in 1860 he was appointed to a clerkship in the War Office, which position he held until 1879. In the early sixties we find him a frequent contributor to *Temple Bar*, then under the editorship of the late Edmund Yates. His name is also among the contributors to *Fun*, *Punch*, *The Weekly Despatch*, and *The Observer*. In 1873, he became connected, as dramatic critic, with the *Daily Telegraph*. He has published several volumes, the better known of which, are: "Lays of a Londoner," "Poems for Recitation," "Poppy Land Papers," and "Lays and Lyrics." Several of Mr. Scott's poems, set to music, have become very popular. The well-known "Oh! Promise Me," of "Robin Hood" fame, is from his pen. He has also written and adapted several productions for the stage, with marked success.

Walch Garnet (1843—).—One of the most brilliant writers of Australia; born in Tasmania, educated partly in England, partly at Heidelberg, Baden. Returning to Tasmania, he joined his brothers in the firm of Walch Brothers, publishers and booksellers, then went to New South Wales and edited the local paper at Parramatta. Began independent literary life in Sydney, then went to Melbourne, and for six years was secretary of the Athenæum. He has published a succession of Christmas annuals, a volume of poems entitled "The Little Tin Plate," and an important and interesting work entitled "Victoria in 1880." He has almost regularly supplied the theatres with an extravaganza at Christmas. His poems and plays are distinguished by a most contagious and exuberant wit.

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